McKean County Miner.

VOLUME XXII. SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1885. NUMBER 3.

McKean County Miner

L. ROGERS, Proprietor

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Mail via B. B. & K. R. R. leaves Smethport at [illegible] a. m. and arrives at [illegible] p. m.

Mail via [illegible] arrives at 2 p. m. and leaves at [illegible] p. m.

Clermont & Colegrove Mail leaves at [illegible] a. m. and arrives at 2:30 p. m.

Kane's Mail arrives every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11 a. m. and departs at 2 p. m. same days.

Money Order [illegible] between [illegible] 12 [illegible]

Office open every Sunday for delivery of mail from 1 to 1:30 p. m.

M. A. SPRAGUE, P. M.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.

McKean Lodge, No. 388 F. & A. M. meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. D. GALLUP, W. M.

C. H. SMITH, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.

Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets every Tuesday evening in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.

[illegible], M. W.

T. [illegible], Recorder.

G. A. R.

Post [illegible], G. A. R. meets every Thursday evening in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.

R. B. Wright, Com.

A. L. Hughes, Adj't.

I. O. O. F.

Meets every Saturday evening at Backus Hall.

[illegible] W. King, N. G.

W. H. Wetenhall, Sec'y.

Churches.

METHODIST—Wm. Frampton, pastor. Preaching at 10½ a. m. and 7 p. m. every Sunday. Sabbath School immediately after morning service. Class Meeting at [illegible] a. m. Sunday. Prayer Meetings on Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. [illegible] Meetings Friday evenings at 7 o'clock. Choir Meetings on Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock.

BAPTIST—J. H. Lewis, pastor. Preaching at half past 10 a. m. and half past 7 p. m. Sabbath School directly after morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 p. m. Covenant meetings Saturday before the first Sunday in every month. Lord's Supper every two months. All are welcome.

EPISCOPAL—J. [illegible], Rector. Services every Sunday at 10 [illegible] and 7 [illegible] p. m. [illegible] Sunday school at [illegible]

St. ELIZABETH CATHOLIC CHURCH—J. J. [illegible], pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. [illegible] at 10 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Borough Officers.

Burgess—B. C. Backus.
Ass't Burgess—[illegible]
Council—A. B. Armstrong, Wm. [illegible], [illegible] Burbank, John Green, [illegible] W. D. Gallup, Chris. [illegible]
Constable—[illegible]
School Directors—[illegible] J. W. [illegible], B. C. Backus, [illegible] H. C. Wilson.
Justices—[illegible] Smith, [illegible]
Auditors—[illegible] Richmond, W. J. [illegible]
Poor masters—[illegible] A. B. Burbank.
Judge of Elections—[illegible]
Inspectors—A. N. Backus, [illegible] Smith.
Assessor—[illegible]

Official Directory.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—A. G. Olmsted, Coudersport, Potter Co.
Associate Judges—Henry Hamlin, Smethport; [illegible]
Member of Congress—W. W. Brown, Bradford.
State Senator—[illegible], Bradford.
Member of Assembly—David Sterrett, Smethport.
District Attorney—[illegible] McSweeney, Smethport.
Sheriff—A. I. Wilcox, Bradford.
Prothonotary—John R. Brewer, Bradford.
County Treasurer—J. C. Melvin, [illegible]
County Commissioners—[illegible]
Commissioners' Clerk—[illegible], Smethport.
Jury Commissioners—D. B. Pattison, J. L. Clark.
Auditors—A. F. Brewer, F. K. Washburn, A. A. Stevens.
County Surveyor—J. H. Dudley, Smethport.
Coroner—[illegible]
Time of holding Courts—[illegible]; Monday in February, [illegible] September and Third Monday of December.

STATE.

Governor—Robert E. Pattison.
Lieutenant Governor—Chauncey F. Black.
Secretary of State—[illegible]
State Treasurer—[illegible]
Secretary of Internal Affairs—J. Simpson Africa.

BLANK PRINTING.

THE MINER JOB ROOMS are abundantly supplied with facilities for doing fine Blank Printing. We make a specialty of this class of printing, and challenge comparison of our work and prices with that of any first class Blank Printing House. We keep in stock all the usual forms of LEGAL and CONVEYANCING, JUSTICES', CONSTABLES' and TOWNSHIP BLANKS, and print on short notice any style and form desired. Samples, estimates and prices furnished on application. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

MISCELLANEOUS

BINGHAM ESTATE

ROBT. H. ROSE

Is authorized to receive moneys for me, also applications to buy lands. He will give information generally, in any business of this Estate, in McKean County. His office is over

IN THE GRAND CENTRAL BLOCK

ROBT. C. SIMPSON,
Agent of the Trustees

Wellsboro, Dec. 18, 1879.

Land Office of the Bingham Estate.

Coudersport, Penna., Feb'y 25, 1879.

All persons are hereby cautioned against going upon the unsold lands of this estate without proper authority therefor. An unauthorized entry upon the lands of the estate, by any person, for any purpose, will make such person or persons liable to prosecution for trespass.

Persons who have bought or leased lands of this estate have either contracts or leases. These documents give exact descriptions of the lands to which they refer, and the contracts and leases have on them drafts which show their location. All claims to rights or privileges on lands of this estate, unaccompanied by such evidence, are without foundation, and will not be recognized.

ROBT. C. SIMPSON,
Agent of the Trustees

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ALFRED STURDVEINT

Would respectfully announce to his patrons and the public generally that he has moved his Barber Shop into his recently finished and commodious new Marble Front building next door to W. D. Gallup's store, Main street, where he is prepared to do

SHAVING AND HAIRDRESSING

In the latest style of the art. None but first-class workmen employed.

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F. C. PIERCE,

Surgeon Dentist,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Office—Over L. W. Mason's Hardware Store, Main Street.

Preservation of natural teeth a specialty.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys

BYRON D. HAMLIN DELANO R. HAMLIN

HAMLIN & SON.

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Smethport, Pa.

Advice and Counsel. Trials in the Courts. Investigate Land Titles in all Forms. Collect Claims. Drafting by Deeds, Contracts and Leases with Care and Dispatch.

Notary Public in their Office.

General Agency of the Keating Lands.

B. STERRETT ROBT H. ROSE

STERRETT & ROSE.

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS.

Office in Grand Central Block

SMETHPORT PA.

JOHN C. JACKSON SHERIDAN GORTON

JACKSON & GORTON.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

Smethport, Pa.

Office—Sartwell Block Main Street

E. L. KEENAN.

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

OFFICE—Grand Central Hotel, Rooms 17 & 18,

SMETHPORT, PA.

All legal business attended to promptly

ORR & KOESTER.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

Office in Dutch ell Wright Block

Bradford, Pa.

Thos. A. Morrison John S. Apple
Notary Public.

MORRISON & APPLE.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

OFFICE Nearly opposite the Court House

SMETHPORT, PA.

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MILLIKEN & RICHMOND.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

SMETHPORT, PA.

All legal business promptly attended to

W. B. CHAPMAN & SON.

ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW,

OIL EXCHANGE,

BRADFORD PA.

P. FORD,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Office Miner Block, Church Street

Smethport, Pa.

J. R. WALLACE,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

BRADFORD, PA.

H. M. McSweeney S. H. Byles

McSWEENEY & BYLES.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

ROOM PRODUCERS EXCHANGE,

BRADFORD, PA.

GEO. A. STURGEON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Room 11 Oil Exchange,

BRADFORD PA.

G. A. Berry M. F. Elliott D. H. Jack

BERRY, ELLIOTT & JACK.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

NOTARY PUBLIC, U. S. COMMISSIONER.

Office in Berry's Building

Bradford, McKean Co. Pa.

E. L. Stone A. Leo Weil

STONE & WEIL.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

Office in Pompelon Hall

Bradford, Pa.

MULLIN & McCLURE,

ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW,

Corner Main and Pine Sts.

Bradford, Pa.

JAMES C. BOYCE,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

AND COUNSELLOR IN PATENT CAUSES

Office Room 5 Cor Main & Webster Sts.

Bradford, McKean Co. Pa.

E. H. MAYO,

Attorney at Law and Notary Public,

Eldred, McKean Co Pa.

P. R. COTTER,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care

F. D. REEVES,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

(Office in Roberts & Bradley Block,)

BRADFORD, PA.

SNYDER & COLCORD.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

OFFICES—Port Allegany, McKean county, and Coudersport, Potter county, Pa.

Physicians.

E. G. BROWN.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office Room No. 7, Rockwell House

SMETHPORT, PA.

H. L. McCOY.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office in Backus Building, Main street.

Smethport, Pa.

S. D. FREEMAN.

Surgeon, Obstetrician and Consulting Physician and Surgeon.

Office hours from 10 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

Smethport, Pa.

R. J. SHARP.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office over Richmond & Son's Drug Store.

Smethport, Pa.

EVAN O. KANE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Kane, Pa.

Opp. room to Pittsburg & Western Railroad Co. Telephone call from Davis store—one long ring.

S. A. BISHOP,

ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT,

Smethport Pa.

GOOD PAY FOR AGENTS. $100 to $200 per mo. made selling our Grand New History, Famous and Decisive Battles of the World. Write to J. C. McCURDY & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Business Cards.

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Main St SMETHPORT, PA.

B. F. WRIGHT, Proprietor.

First Class in every Respect.

This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first-class Hotel. A well stocked and well kept Bar connected with the house. Rates reasonable.

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H. S. SARTWELL, - Prop'r.

FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT

Tables and Bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. Rates reasonable.

Exchange Hotel.

NEAR BUFFALO DEPOT, SMETHPORT, PA.

W. D. CHAMBERS, Proprietor.

This Hotel is newly made and furnished in all respects for the comfort and convenience of the traveling public.

BENTON HOUES.

Larrabees, Pa.

F. J. VICKERY, - Prop'r.

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KANE, PA.

R. E. LOOKER, PROPRIETOR.

Remodeled and refurnished and one of the best Hotels in McKean County.

Broezel's Hotel,

cor. Seneca and Wells Streets,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

First Class in every respect.

John Broezel - Prop'r.

WHY DO YOU

Go away from home to

BUY HARNESS GOODS

when you can get

BETTER BARGAINS AT HOME.

We employ none but

FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,

All of our work WARRANTED to be of the most durable kind.

These goods are all hand-made by first-class workmen and with first-class material, using both Hemlock and Oak tanned leather.

CALL AT OUR SHOP and we will convince you that we can do better by you than can any foreign dealers.

GLEASON & LEMMLER.

Smethport, Pa. April 24, 1879.

Specht & Sause,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKERS,

Having purchased an elegant new Hearse are prepared to attend all calls incident to their profession.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Authentic Modern BATTLES. New and graphic Pictorial history of the great sea-fights of the World. By Medical Director Shippen, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & Co., Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the article for you. It stimulates the failing energies, invigorates the body and cheers the mind. It enables the system to throw off the debilitating effects of undue fatigue, gives renewed vigor to the organs of digestion, arouses the liver when inactive, renews the jaded appetite, and encourages healthful repose. Its ingredients are safe and its credentials, which consist in the hearty endorsement of persons of every class of society, are most convincing. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

JAMES T. DONOHUE,

PLUMBER

SMETHPORT, PA.

In the rear of Armstrong's Drug store.

Lead and Iron Pipe for Water, Gas and Steam, Bath Tubs, Water Closets, Kitchen Boilers, Iron Sinks, Pumps, etc.

For the Splendid New Book

Agents THE WORLD'S WONDERS AS SEEN BY THE GREAT

Wanted TROPICAL AND POLAR Explorers,

Including the OFFICIAL HISTORY of the late GREELEY EXPEDITION in search of the North Pole.

All the achievements, discoveries, travels and adventures of the great explorers with descriptions of wonderful countries, customs and habits of strange and curious people, animals, birds and reptiles, the Wonders and Great Natural Curiosities of the Tropical and Polar Worlds. A record of the marvelous things on the earth, a full history of all the World's Greatest Wonders and famous explorations, in one splendid, low priced, profusely illustrated volume. Embracing all, in the Tropics all the travels and discoveries of Speke and Grant, Sir Samuel Baker and wife, Livingstone, Stanley, DuChaillu, Wallace Long, Schweinfurth, and numerous others. In the Arctic regions, Franklin, Kane, Hayes, Hall, Schwatka, DeLong, Greeley, and many others, forming a complete encyclopædia of exploration, discovery and adventure in all parts of the world, with a history of savage races, strange beasts, birds and reptiles, and Great Natural Wonders. A book of inestimable value and rapid selling qualities. Nearly 600 quarto pages, over 300 splendid illustrations, low price, exceeds all other books. Agents wanted on salary or commission. Write for pictorial circulars and extra terms. Address,

HISTORICAL PUBLISHING CO.,
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1885.

Harper's Magazine,

ILLUSTRATED.

With the new volume, beginning in December, HARPER'S MAGAZINE will conclude its thirty-fifth year. The oldest periodical of its type, it is yet, in each new volume, a new magazine, not simply because it presents fresh subjects and new pictures, but also, and chiefly, because it steadily advances in the method itself of magazine-making. In a word, the MAGAZINE becomes more and more the faithful mirror of current life and movement. Leading features in the attractive programme for 1885 are: new serial novels by CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON and W. D. HOWELLS; a novel entitled "At the Red Glove;" descriptive illustrated papers by F. D. MILLET, R. SWAIN GIFFORD, E. A. ABBEY, H. GIBSON and others; Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," illustrated by ABBEY; important papers on Art, Science, etc.

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Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

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Index to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, Alphabetical, Analytical, and Classified, for Volumes 1 to 60, inclusive, from June, 1850, to June, 1880, one vol., 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

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1885.

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HARPER'S BAZAR is the only paper in the world that combines the choicest literature and the finest art illustrations with the latest fashions and methods of household adornment. Its weekly illustrations and descriptions of the newest Paris and New York styles, with its useful pattern-sheet supplements and cut patterns, by enabling ladies to be their own dressmakers, save many times the cost of subscription. Its papers on cooking, the management of servants and housekeeping in its various details are eminently practical. Much attention is given to the interesting topic of social etiquette, and its illustrations of art needle-work are acknowledged to be unequaled. Its literary merit is of the highest excellence, and the unique character of its humorous pictures has won for it the name of the American Punch.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS,

Per Year

HARPER'S BAZAR	$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage Free to all Subscribers in the United States or Canada.

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1885.

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The serial and short stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have all the dramatic interest that juvenile fiction can possess, while they are wholly free from what is pernicious or vulgarly sensational. The humorous stories and pictures are full of innocent fun, and the papers on natural history and science, travel, and the facts of life, are by writers whose names give the best assurance of accuracy and value. Illustrated papers on athletic sports, games and pastimes give full information on these subjects. There is nothing cheap about it but its price.

An epitome of everything that is attractive and desirable in juvenile literature.—Boston Courier.

A weekly feast of good things to the boys and girls in every family which it visits.—Brooklyn Union.

It is wonderful in its wealth of pictures, information and interest.—Christian Advocate, N. Y.

TERMS: Postage Prepaid, $2 per year.

Vol. VI commences November 4, 1884.

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IN SMETHPORT.

CONKLIN WAGONS,
COURTLAND PLATFORMS,
ROAD WAGONS,
CARRIAGES,
AND SLEIGHS,
ALWAYS IN STOCK.

None but good material used. All work warranted, and prices reasonable. Give me a call and you will go away well pleased.

SHOP ON MECHANIC STREET

W. H. Wetenhall.

SMETHPORT, March 10, 1881.—y1.

BROWNELL BROS

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods,
Notions,
Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
Groceries,
Provisions, etc.

AGENT FOR THE

White Sewing Machines

OUR MOTTO—"Justice to all."

Smethport, - Pa.

February 8, 1882. 9-17

LIVERY

AND

Exchange Stables

At The Bennett House Barn.

G. R. & C. H. MOORE, Proprietors.

Parties desiring single or double rigs for pleasure or business purposes can be furnished at any time with

GOOD HORSES AND STYLISH RIGS

to drive any distance. Pleasure, Fishing and Hunting parties carried at reasonable rates.

DARK DAYS.

BY HUGH CONWAY,

AUTHOR OF "CALLED BACK."

(*Continued from last week.*)

her voice that I had heard, her hands I clasped. Philippa it was, but not the Philippa of old!

The rich, warm, glowing beauty seemed toned down. Her face had lost its exquisite color. Moreover it was the face of one who has suffered—one who is suffering. To me it looked as if illness had refined it, as sometimes will refine a face. Yet, if she had been ill, her illness could not have been of long duration. Her figure was as superb, her arms as finely rounded as ever. She stood firm and erect. Yet I trembled as I gazed at that pale, proud face and those dark, solemn eyes. I dared not for the while ask her why she sought me.

She was the first to break the silence. "You are changed, Basil," she said.

"Time changes every one," I answered, forcing a smile.

"Will you believe me," she continued, "when I say that the memory of your face as I saw it last has haunted even my first joyful moments? Ah! me, Basil, had I been true to myself I think I might have learned to love you."

She spoke regretfully, and as one who has finished with life and its love. My heart beat rapidly, yet I knew her words were not spoken in order to hear me tell her that I loved her passionately as ever.

"I have heard of you once or twice," she said softly. "You are rich now, they tell me, but unhappy."

"I loved you and lost you," I answered. "How could I be happy?"

"And men can love like this?" she said sadly. "All men are not alike, then?"

"Enough of me," I said. "Tell me of yourself. Tell me how I can aid you. Your husband—"

She drew a sharp, quick breath. The color rushed back to her cheek. Her eyes glittered strangely. Nevertheless, she spoke calmly and distinctly.

"Husband! I have none," she said.

"Is he dead?"

"No"—she spoke with surprising bitterness—"no. I should rather say I never was a wife. Tell me, Basil," she continued fiercely, "did you ever hate a man?"

"Yes," I answered emphatically and truly. Hate a man! From the moment I saw the wretch with whom Philippa fled I hated him. Now that my worst suspicions were true, what were my feelings?

I felt that my lips compressed themselves. I knew that when I spoke my voice was stern and bitter as I said, "Sit down," I said, "and tell me. Tell me how you knew I was here—where you have come from."

Let me but learn whence she came and I felt sure the knowledge would enable me to lay my hand on the man I wanted. Ah! life now held something worth living for.

"I have been here some months," said Philippa.

"Here! In this neighborhood?"

"Yes. I have seen you several times. I have been living at a house about three miles away. I felt happier in knowing that in case of need I had one friend near me."

I pressed her hands. "Go on," I said hoarsely.

"He has left me here. He had grown weary of me. I was about to have a child. I was in his way—a trouble to him."

Her scornful accent as she spoke was indescribable.

"Philippa! Philippa!" I groaned, "had you sunk so low as to do his bidding?"

She laid her hand on my arm. "More," she said. "Listen! Before we parted he struck me. Struck—me! He cursed me and struck me! Basil, did you ever hate a man?"

I threw out my arms. My heart was full of rage and bitterness. "And you became this man's mistress rather than my wife!" I gasped. Neither my love nor her sorrow could stop this one reproach from passing my lips.

She sprang to her feet. "You!" she cried. "Did you—think—do you imagine—— Read! Only this morning I learned it."

She threw a letter toward me—threw it with a gesture of loathing as one throws a nauseous reptile from one's hand. I opened it mechanically.

"Yes," she said, "you are right in thinking I had fallen low. So low that I went where he chose to send me. So low that I would have forgiven the ill-treatment of months—the blow, even. Why? Because until this morning he was my husband. Read the letter. Basil, did you ever hate a man?"

Before I read I glanced at her in alarm. She spoke with almost feverish excitement. Her words followed one another with headlong rapidity. But who could wonder at this mood with a woman who had such a wrong to declare! She grew calm beneath my glance.

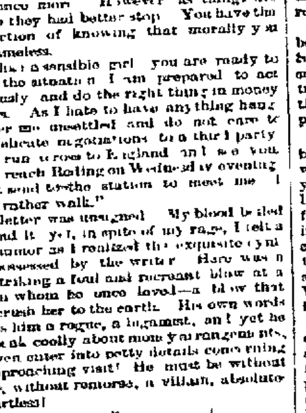
"Read," she said, beseechingly. "Ah God! I have fallen low but not so low as you thought."

She buried her face in her hands while I opened and read the letter. It was dated from Paris, and ran thus:

"As it seems to me that we can't exactly hit it off together I think the farce had better end. The simplest way to make my meaning clear is to tell you that when I married you I had a wife alive. She has died since then, and I dare say had we managed to get on better together I should have asked you to go through the marriage ceremony once more. However, as things are now, so they had better stop. You have the satisfaction of knowing that morally you are blameless.

"If, like a sensible girl, you are ready to accept the situation I am prepared to act generously and do the right thing in money matters. As I hate to have anything hanging over me unsettled and do not care to trust delicate negotiations to a third party I shall run across to England and see you. I shall reach Roding on Wednesday evening. Do not send to the station to meet me. I would rather walk."

The letter was unsigned. My blood boiled as I read it, yet, in spite of my rage, I felt a grim humor as I realized the exquisite cynicism possessed by the writer. Here was a man striking a foul and recreant blow at a woman whom he once loved—a blow that must crush her to the earth. His own words confess him a rogue, a bigamist, and yet he can speak coolly about money arrangements, can even enter into petty details concerning his approaching visit! He must be without shame, without remorse, a villain, absolutely heartless!



"*Help me, Basil! I come to you as a sister——*"

I folded the letter and placed it in my breast. I wished to keep it, that I might read it again and again during the next twenty-four hours. Long hours they would be. This letter would aid me to make them pass. Philippa made no objection to my keeping it. She sat motionless, gazing gloomily into the fire.

"You know the man's right name and title?" I asked.

"Yes, from the first. Ah! there I wronged myself, Basil! The rank, the riches, perhaps, tempted me; and—Basil, I loved him then!"

Oh, the piteous regret breathed in that last sentence! I ground my teeth, and felt that there was a stronger passion than even love. "That man and I meet to-morrow," I told myself sorrily.

"But you spoke of a child!" I said, turning to Philippa.

"It is dead—dead—dead!" she cried, with a wild laugh. "A fortnight ago it died. Dead! My grief then, my joy to-day! See! I am in mourning; to-morrow I shall put that mourning off. Why mourn for what is a happy event? No black after to-morrow."

Her mood had once more become excited. As before, her words came with feverish rapidity. I took her hands in mine; they were now burning.

"Philippa, dearest, be calm. You will see that man no more?"

"I will see him no more. It is to save myself from seeing him that I come to you. Little right have I to ask aid from you, but your words came back to me in my need. There was one friend to turn to. Help me, Basil! I come to you as a sister may come to a brother."

"As a sister to a brother," I echoed. "I accept the trust," I added, laying my lips reverentially on her white forehead, and vowing mentally to devote my life to her. "You will stay here, now?" I asked.

"No, I must go back. To-morrow I will come—to-morrow, Basil, my brother, you will take me far away—far away!"

"Where you wish. Every land is as one to me now."

She had given me the right, a brother's right, to stand between her and the villain who had wronged her. To-morrow that man would be here! How I long for the moment which would bring us face to face!

Philippa arose. "I must go," she said. I pressed food and wine upon her; she would take nothing. She made, however, no objection to my accompanying her to her home. We left the house by the casement by which she entered. Together we stepped out on the snow-whitened road. She took my arm and we walked toward her home.

I asked her with whom she was staying. She told me with a widow lady and two children named Wilson. She went to them at Sir Mervyn Ferrand's command. Mrs. Wilson was told she was a distant connection of his own and he had made arrangements with her to look after Philippa during her illness.

It was but another proof of the man's revolting cynicism. To send the woman who falsely believed herself to be his wife to one of his own relatives! Oh, I would have a full reckoning with him!

"What name do they know you by?" I asked.

"He said I was to call myself by the false name which for purposes of his own he chose to marry under. But I felt myself absolved from my promise of secrecy. Why should I stay in a strange house, with strange people, by Sir Mervyn Ferrand's request unless I could show good cause for doing so? So I told Mrs. Wilson everything."

"She believed you?"

"She was bound to believe me. I would [illegible] upon his word. I showed her the certificate of my marriage. Whatever she may have thought at first, she saw that I was his wife. No one else knows it except her. To her I am Lady Ferrand. I think she never dreamed of what man's villainy can reach. Oh, Basil! Basil! why are such men allowed to live?"

For the first time Philippa seemed to break down. Till now the chief characteristics of her mood had been scorn and anger. Now, sheer grief for the time appeared to sweep away every other emotion. Sob after sob broke from her. I endeavored to calm her—to comfort her. Alas! how little I could say or do to these ends! She leaned heavily and despondingly on my arm, and for a long while we walked in silence. At last she told me her home was close at hand.

"Listen, Philippa," I said, "I shall come in with you and see this lady with whom you are staying. I shall tell her I am your brother—that for some time I have known how shamefully your husband has neglected you, and that now, with your full consent, I mean to take you away. Whether this woman believes in our relationship or not matters nothing. I suppose she knows that man is coming to-morrow. After his heartless desertion, she cannot be surprised at your wish to avoid meeting him."

I paused. Philippa bent her head as if assenting to my plan.

"To-morrow," I continued, "long before that wretch comes here to poison the very air we breathe, I shall come and fetch you. Early in the morning I will send my servant for your luggage. Mrs. Wilson may know me and my man by sight. That makes no difference. There need be no concealment. You are free to come and go. You have no one to fear. On Thursday morning we will leave this place."

"Yes," said Philippa, dreamily, "to-morrow I will leave—I will come to you. But I will come alone. In the evening, most likely, when no one will know where I have gone."

"But how much better that I should take you away openly and in broad daylight, as a brother would take away a sister!"

"No, I will come to you. You will not mind waiting, Basil. There is something I must do first—something to be done to-morrow. Something to be said—some one to be seen. What is it? who is it? I cannot recollect."

She placed her disengaged hand on her brow and pushed back her head a little, and [illegible] relief as she felt the keen air [illegible]. Poor girl! after what she [illegible] through, no wonder her [illegible] to recall trivial details [illegible] to be made before [illegible] and the certainty of [illegible] protection would no[illegible] wandering memory. [illegible] Although I again and again urged [illegible] her mind, she was firm in [illegible] to come to me alone. At last, very [illegible] I was obliged to give way on [illegible] I was determined to see this Mrs. Wilson to-night, so when we reached the house I entered with Philippa.

I found there was no occasion for her to be present at my interview with the hostess. She looked frightfully weary, and at my suggestion went straight to her room to retire for the night. I sat down and awaited the advent of Mrs. Wilson. She soon appeared.

A woman of about five and thirty, well but plainly dressed. As I glanced at her with some curiosity I decided that when young she must, after a certain type of beauty, been exceedingly good looking. Unfortunately hers was one of those faces cast in an aquiline mould—faces which, as soon as the bloom of youth is lost or the owners thereof turn to thinness, become, as a rule, sharp, strained, hungry and severe looking. Whatever the woman's charms might once have been she could now boast of very few.

There were lines around her mouth and on her brow which told of suffering, and, as I judged it, not the calm, resigned suffering which often leaves a sweet if sad expression on the face, but fierce, rebellious, constrained suffering, such as turns a young heart into an old one long before its time.

As she entered the room and bowed to me her face expressed undisguised surprise at seeing a visitor who was a stranger to her. I apologized for the lateness of my call, then hastened to tell her its object. She listened with polite impassibility. She made no comment when I repeatedly spoke of my sister as Lady Ferrand. It was clear that, as Philippa had said, Mrs. Wilson was convinced as to the valid nature of the marriage. I inveighed roundly against Sir Mervyn Ferrand's heartless conduct and scandalous neglect of his wife. My hearer shrugged her shoulders, and the meaning conveyed by the action was that, although she regretted family jars, they were no concern of hers. She seemed quite without interest in the matter; yet a suspicion that she was acting, indeed rather over-acting, a part, crossed my mind once or twice.

When I told her it was Lady Ferrand's intention to place herself to-morrow under my protection, she simply bowed. When I said that most likely we should leave England, and for a while travel on the continent, one reason being that my sister's health would no doubt be much benefited by the change.

"I may mention," she added, for the first time taking any real part in the talk, "that your sister's state is not quite all it should be. For the last day or two I have been thinking of sending for the medical man who attended her during her unfortunate confinement. He has not seen her for quite a week. I mentioned it to her this afternoon, but she appears to have taken an unaccountable dislike to him, and utterly refused to see him. I do not wish to alarm you—I merely mention this; no doubt you, her brother, will see to it."

The peculiar stress she laid upon the word "brother" told me that I was right in thinking the woman was acting, and that not for one moment did my assumed fraternity deceive her. This was of no consequence.

"I am myself a doctor. Her health will be my care," I said. Then I arose.

"You are related to Sir Mervyn Ferrand, I believe, Mrs. Wilson?" I asked.

She gave me a quick look which might mean anything.

"We are connections," she said, carelessly.

"You must have been surprised at his sending his wife away at such a time?"

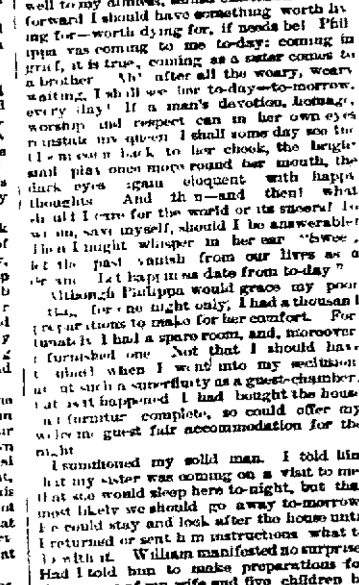
"I am not in the habit of feeling surprised at Sir Mervyn's actions. He wrote to me and told me that, knowing my circumstances were straitened, he had recommended a lady to come and live with me for a few months. When I found this lady was his wife, I own I was, for once, surprised."

From the emphasis which she laid on certain words I knew it was but the fact of Philippa's being married to the scoundrel that surprised her, nothing else. I could see that Mrs. Wilson knew Sir Mervyn Ferrand thoroughly, and something told me that her relations with him were of a nature which might not bear investigation.

I bade her good-night, and walked back to my cottage with a heart in which sorrow, pity, love, hatred, exultation, and, it may be, hope, were strangely and inextricably mingled.

CHAPTER III.

"THE WAGES OF SIN."



"*Go on, go on! till you see the wages of sin—*"

Morning! No books—no idle, listless hours for me to-day. Plenty to do, plenty to think about, all sorts of arrangements to make. Farewell to my moody, sullen life. Farewell to my aimless, selfish existence. Henceforward I should have something worth living for—worth dying for, if needs be! Philippa was coming to me to-day: coming in grief, it is true, coming as a sister comes to a brother. Ah! after all the weary, weary waiting, I shall see her to-day—to-morrow, every day! If a man's devotion, homage, worship and respect can in her own eyes reinstate my queen I shall some day see the bright color back to her cheek, the bright smile play once more round her mouth, the dark eyes again eloquent with happy thoughts. And then—and then! what do all I care for the world or its sneers! To whom, save myself, should I be answerable? Then I might whisper in her ear, "Sweet, let the past vanish from our lives as a dream. Let happiness date from to-day."

Although Philippa would grace my poor home for one night only, I had a thousand preparations to make for her comfort. Fortunately I had a spare room, and, moreover, a furnished one. Not that I should have thought, when I went into my seclusion, of such a superfluity as a guest-chamber, but as it happened I had bought the house with furniture complete, so could offer my welcome guest fair accommodation for the night.

I summoned my solid man. I told him that my sister was coming on a visit to me, that she would sleep here to-night, but that most likely we should go away to-morrow. He could stay and look after the house until I returned or sent him instructions what to do with it. William manifested no surprise. Had I told him to make preparations for the coming of my wife and five children he would have considered it all a part of the day's work, and would have done his best to meet my requirements.

He set to work in his imperturbable, methodical, but handy way to get Philippa's room in trim. As soon as this was done, and the neglected chamber made cosy and warm looking, I told him to borrow a horse and cart somewhere, and fetch the luggage from Mrs. Wilson's. He was to mention no names—simply to say that he had come for the luggage, and to ask if the lady had any message to send.

Then I sat down in the room which my love would occupy and mused upon the strange but unhappy chance which was bringing her beneath my roof. I wished that I had an enchanter's wand to turn the humble garniture of the chamber into surroundings meet for my queenly Philippa. I wished that I had, at least, flowers with which I could deck her resting place, for I remembered how passionately she loved flowers. Alas! I had not seen a flower for months.

Then I drew out Sir Mervyn Ferrand's letter, read it again and again, and cursed the writer in my heart.

William was away about two hours, then he made his appearance with some boxes. I was delighted to see these tangible signs that Philippa meant to keep her promise. Till that moment I had been troubled by something like the doubt that after all she might, upon calm reflection, rescind the resolution formed in her excitement. Now her coming seemed to a certainty.

Nevertheless, William brought no message, so there was nothing for me to do but wait patiently until she chose to cross my threshold.

Although my pleasing labors of love were ended, I was not left idle. There was another task to be done to-day. I set my teeth and sat down, thinking quietly as to the way in which it might be best performed. To-night I meant to stand face to face with that black-hearted scoundrel known as Sir Mervyn Ferrand!

I consulted the time table. His letter named no particular hour; but I saw that if he carried out his expressed intention of being here to-night, there was but one train by which he could come; there was but one way from Roding to the house at which Philippa had been staying. He meant to walk, his letter said; this might be in order to escape observation. The train was due at Roding at 7 o'clock. The weather was cold, a man would naturally walk fast. Mrs. Wilson's house must be four miles from the station. Let me start from there just before the train arrives, and I should probably meet him about half way on his journey. It would be dark, but I should know him. I should know him among a thousand. There on the open lonely road Sir Mervyn Ferrand, coming gayly, and in his worldly cynicism certain of cajoling, buying off, or in some other way silencing the woman who had in an evil day trusted to his honor and love, would meet, not her, but the man who from the first had sworn that a wrong to Philippa should be more than a wrong to himself! He would meet this man and be called to account.

Stern and sinister as were my thoughts—freely and unreservedly as I record them, as indeed I endeavor in this tale to record everything—I do not wish to be misjudged. It is true that in my present mood I was bent upon avenging Philippa with my own hand, true that I meant, if possible, to take at some time or another this man's life; but at least no thought of taking any advantage of an unarmed or unsuspecting man entered into my scheme of vengeance. I designed no murderous attack. But it was my intention to stop the man on his path, to confront him and tell him that his villainy was known to me; that Philippa had fled to me for aid, that she was now in my custody; and that I, who stood in the position of her brother, demanded the so-called satisfaction which, by the old-fashioned code of honor, was due from the man who had ruthlessly betrayed a woman. Well I knew that it was probable he would laugh at me—tell me that the days of dueling were over, and refuse to grant my request. Then I meant to see if insults could warm his noble blood; if my hand on his cheek could bring about the result which I desired. If this failed I would follow him abroad, cane him and spit upon him in public places.

A wild scheme for these prosaic, law-abiding days; yet the only one that was feasible. It may be said that I should have taken steps to have caused the recreant to be arrested for bigamy. But what proof of his crime had we as yet, save his own, unsigned confession? Who was to move in the matter—Philippa—myself? We did not even know where this wife of whom he had spoken lived, or where she died. There were a hundred ways in which he might escape from justice, but whether he was punished for his sin, or allowed to go scot-free, Philippa's name and wrongs must be bruited about, her shame made public. No, there was but one course to take, and but one person to take it. It rested with me to avenge the wrongs of the woman I loved by the good old-fashioned way of a life against a life.

Truly, as I said, I had now plenty to live for!

The hours went by, yet Philippa came not. I grew restless and uneasy as the dusk began to make the road, up which I gazed almost continually, dim and indistinct. When the short winter's day was over, and the long dark night had fairly begun, my restlessness turned into fear. I walked out of my house and paced my garden to and fro. I blamed myself for having yielded so lightly to Philippa's wish—her command, rather—that I should on no account fetch her. But then, whenever did I resist a wish, much less a command, of hers? Oh, that I had been firm this once!

The snow-storm of the previous evening had not lasted long—not long enough to thoroughly whiten the world. The day had been fine and frosty, but I knew that the wind had changed since the sun went down. It was warmer, a change which I felt sure presaged a heavy downfall of snow or rain. There was a moon, a fitful moon; for clouds were flying across it, dark clouds, which I guessed would soon gather coherence and volume, and veil entirely that bright face, which now only showed itself at irregular intervals.

The minutes were passing away. I grew nervous and excited. Why does she not come? My hope had been to see my poor girl safely housed before I started to execute my other task. Why does she not come! Time, precious time, is slipping by! In the hope of meeting her, I walked for some distance up the road. "Why does she delay?" I groaned. Even now I should be on my way to Roding, or I may miss my prey. Heavens! can it be that she is waiting to see this man once more? Never! never! Perish the thought!

But, all the same, every fibre in my body quivered at the bare supposition of such a thing.

I could bear the suspense no longer. For the hundredth time I glanced at my watch. It wanted but ten minutes to seven o'clock, and at that hour I had resolved to start from Mr. Wilson's on my way to Roding. Yet now I dared not leave my own house. Any moment might bring Philippa. What would she think if I was not there to receive and welcome her?

Five more precious moments gone! I stamped in my rage. After all, I can only do one half of my task, the sweet, but not the stern half. Shall I, indeed, do either? The train must now be close to Roding. In an hour everything may be lost. The man will see her before she leaves the house. He will persuade her. She will listen to his words, for did he not once love her! He must have loved her! After all, he broke the laws for the sake of possessing her, and—cursed thought!—she loved him then, and she is but a woman!

So I tortured myself until my state of mind grew unbearable. At all hazards I must prevent Ferrand from meeting Philippa. Oh, why had she not come as she promised? Could it be she was detained against her will? In spite of her uninterested manner I distrusted the woman I had seen last night. It is now past seven o'clock. Philippa's house, from which I had reckoned my time, was nearly three miles away. I must give up my scheme of vengeance. I must go in search of Philippa. If I do not meet her I must call at Mrs. Wilson's, find out what detains her, and if needful bear her away by force.

By this time my steps had brought me back to my own house. I called William, and told him I was going to walk up the road and meet my expected guest. If by any chance I should miss her he was to welcome her on my behalf, and tell her the reason for my absence.

"Best take a lantern, sir," said William; "moon'll be hidden, and them roads is precious rough."

"I can't be bothered with that great horn affair," I said, rather testily.

"Take the little one—the bull's eye—that's better than nothing," said William. To humor him I put it into my pocket.

I ran at the top of my speed to the house at which I had last night left Philippa. It took me nearly half an hour getting there. I rang the bell impetuously. The door was opened by a maid servant. I inquired for Mrs. Farmer, knowing that Philippa had passed under this name to all except her hostess. To my surprise I was told that she had left the house, on foot and alone, some little while ago. The maid believed she was not going to return, as her luggage had that morning been sent for.

The first effect of this intelligence was to cause me to blame my haste. I must have missed her—no doubt passed her on the road. No; such a thing was impossible. The way was a narrow one. The moon still gave some light. If I had met Philippa I must have seen her. She must have seen me, and would then have stopped me. She could not have gone the way I came.

But where was she! In what direction was I to seek her? Argue the matter as I would—loath as I was to allow myself to be convinced, I was bound to decide that she must have taken the path to Roding. There was no other. She had gone, even as I was going, to meet Ferrand. She may have started, intending to come to me, but at the last moment a desire to see the man once more—I fondly hoped for the purpose of heaping reproaches on his head—had mastered her. Yes, whatever her object might be, she had gone to meet him. And my heart sank as conviction was carried to it by the remembrance that coupled with her refusal to permit me to fetch her was an assertion that she had something to do before she came to me. That, as I now read it, could be but one thing—to meet this man!

Never again, if I can help it, shall his voice strike on her ear! Never again shall their eyes meet! Never again shall the touch of even his finger contaminate her! Let me follow, and stand between her and the scoundrel. If they meet he will wound her to the heart. Her pride will rise, she will threaten. Then the coward will try another line. He will plead for mercy; he will swear he still loves her, he will bait his hook with promises. She will listen; hesitate; perhaps yield, and find herself once more deceived. Then she will be lost to me forever. Now she is, in my eyes, pure as when first we met. Let me haste on, overtake, pass her; meet her betrayer, and, if needful, strike him to the ground.

As I turned from the house I became aware that a great and sudden change had come over the night. It seemed to me that, even in the few minutes which I had spent in considering what to do, the heavy clouds had banked and massed together. It was all but pitch-dark; so dark that I paused, and drawing from my pocket the lantern with which William's foresight had provided me, managed after several trials to light it. Then, impatient at the delay, I sped up the road.

I was now almost facing the wind. All at once, sharp and quick, I felt the blinding snow on my face. The wind moaned through the leafless branches on either side of the road. The snow flakes whirled madly here and there. Even in my excitement I was able to realize the fact that never before had I seen in England so fierce a snow storm, or one which came on so suddenly. And, like myself, Philippa was abroad, and exposed to its full fury. Heavens! she might lose her way, and wander about all night.

This fear quickened my steps. I forced my way on through the mad storm. For the time all thought of Sir Mervyn Ferrand and vengeance left my heart. All I now wanted was to find Philippa; to lead her home, and see her safe beneath my roof. "Surely," I said, as I battled along, "she cannot have gone much further."

I kept a sharp lookout—if, indeed, it can be called a lookout; for the whirling snow made everything, save what was within a few feet of me, invisible. I strained my ears to catch the faintest cry or other sound. I went on, flashing my lantern first on one and then on the other side of the road. My dread was that Philippa, utterly unable to fight against the white tempest, might be crouching under one of the banks, and if so I might pass without seeing her or even attracting her attention. My doing so on such a night as this might mean her death.

Oh, why had she not come as promised? Why had she gone to meet the man who had so foully wronged her? After what had happened, she could not, dared not love him.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

"GOING DOWN HILL."

How a Venerable Iowan Evaded the Greatest Difficulty Which Besets the Aged.

An account is going the rounds of the press of a woman who was so afflicted with rheumatism for fifteen years that her entire muscular system became rigid, and for all that period she was kept alive by gruel forced between her teeth.

A prominent New York physician was once asked what rheumatism was. He replied, "God only knows." He was undoubtedly right, because rheumatism seems to spring from a different cause in every individual case. If its origin is mystery, its effects are too well and too widely known, for there is scarcely any season of the year when some persons are not more or less affected by it. In general, however, it prevails mostly among the aged, making their last days hard to bear. A prominent physician once remarked in our hearing, "If the aged could escape the tortures of rheumatism, their last year as a rule would be quiet, peaceful and painless."

Apropos of the above, Mr. W. DeGens, of Pella, Ia., sends us a communication which ordinarily we would not publish except at so much a line. But his experience has been so remarkable that we think we are justified in giving place to it. He says:

"Dear sir:—I am 76 years of age. My life has been active. I am well-known in this town, and what I say I do not think will be doubted by any one who knows me. Up to a year or two ago, I was the possessor of splendid health, and hoped I should wear out my life gradually and gracefully. Two years ago, however, I was overcome with that curse of old age, rheumatism. When first prostrated, the pain was so acute I thought it was neuralgia, which medical authorities tell me indicates a low state of the system.

I fancied that this attack was the beginning of the end. I sent for a good doctor, who treated me with electrical and other agencies, but I grew worse. He finally said my case was a serious rheumatic one. For six months I could not use my limbs at all, and was handled by three strong persons, like a helpless child. Then came a period of better feelings, but re-action followed, and for six long months of pitiful suffering I was confined to the bed. For over a year I groaned in agony. I tried all reputable lotions, liniments, plasters and preparations, in vain. At this stage, my friend Eldred Overcamp came to see me, and upon his urgent recommendation I began to use warner's safe rheumatic cure, a few bottles of which gave back to me the use of my limbs. I am now sleeping without pain, eating without distress, and feel as spry as I did when I was 60 years of age. I cordially recommend that preparation to all persons afflicted as I was, and especially to the thousands of aged men and women whose last days are embittered by this affliction."

Mr. DeGens's letter is endorsed by Eldred Overcamp, who says he is a member of his church, and his case to him is surprising and marvellous. Mr. F. W. Brinkhoff also endorses the statement in similar terms.

There is no doubt that this is a true recital of the case, and Mr. DeGens' experience should be an encouragement to all others suffering as he did, to use the means he so successfully employed, for nothing better, if indeed, as good, can be had in the market.—Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye.*

Another strikingly new feature of this exposition will be the exhibit of the black man's handicraft. The colored man has a department; ample, too; spacious and complete, all his own.

The negro aspires to be an artisan, something above and better than eternal hewers of wood and drawers of water. And here he puts in his claim for popular consideration, for competition by the side of the silk-weaver, the cotton spinner, the maker of fine fabrics or coarse fabrics of all kinds and all classes. Here for the first time in the world's history, so far as we are certain of it, the children of Ethiopia and of ancient Egypt are permitted to call in the interest of their work. Others have claimed and have lived off their handicraft for all the years past; had the honor of it and the profit of it, something pathetic in this, I think? And it was with especial pride that I looked in upon the earnest and intelligent colored men in the arrangement and the ordering of their department. They claim, and the man at the whole stupendous work here claims for them, that they are as cunning as old Tubal Cain in every kind of craft. Their display here is going to carry them forward and upward. Millions of these black men can and are to do better work than field work, and that right soon.

Beds for the Sick Room.

[Dio Lewis.]

Two narrow beds with fresh hair or straw mattresses are the best. These beds are easily moved, and thus the patient will not be compelled to look constantly at the same cracks in the wall, or count the same three spots in the corner. You can move him, now into a shaded corner, now to the western window to see the sun go down, again in front of the fire, that he may look at the cheerful blaze, and anon into the most secluded corner that he may rest and sleep. All this is an immense gain, and is sure not only to comfort the patient, but to shorten his sickness.

No matter what the malady may be, there is more or less fever, and, in every possible case, the emanations from the skin render the bed foul through and through. All the emanations should be got rid of as soon as possible. The only way to manage is to have two beds, and lift the patient from one to the other. When the bed which has been in use from four to six hours is released, the mattress and blankets should be thoroughly aired, and, if practicable, sunned. This will not only shorten and mitigate the graver stages of the malady, but will greatly hasten the convalescence.

Their Ignorance.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Walter and his little sister arrived early one morning in Albany, where, with their mother, they were to spend the day with an old friend of hers, who has a home more elegant than the children had ever seen. After quite an elaborate breakfast the children were overheard in conversation by their mother.

"Wasn't it lovely!" Florence was confiding to her brother—"so many things kept coming, and there was so much glass, all different colors, and such beautiful plates, and flowers, and such lots of fruit—"

"Pooh!" interrupted Walter, who, in reality, had been quite overpowered by the breakfast, but who never lost an opportunity to assume a patronizing tone toward his sister, "why the poor things didn't know enough to have griddle cakes!"

J. Hall: To quarrel with a superior is injurious; with an equal is doubtful; with an inferior, sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness.

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CANNOT TELL THE TRUTH

The Harrisburg correspondent of the Port Allegany *Reporter* (who it is understood in this section of country is George H Rhoads of the Harrisburg *Patriot*) cannot tell the truth when talking about the editor of this paper. He seems to entertain feelings of hostility toward us which we are entirely unable to account for but which we in no wise object to. In fact we rather enjoy it, for nothing would make us stronger with the people of northwestern Pennsylvania than to have it understood that he is our antagonist. If the paper that he writes to can stand it we certainly can.

But in his last letter to the *Reporter* he has a great deal to say about the manner in which the canvass for the position of reading clerk of the senate was conducted, which is altogether speculative and untruthful so far as it relates to us. We will briefly refer to them. He says that some days after it was published broadcast that Col Ege was a candidate for reading clerk the information was given to the public that the writer of this had his nose focused on the same comfortable chair. We did not know and we doubt whether it was known in this county, that Col Ege was a candidate until after Senator Emery had notified the committee having the matter in charge that he should ask for the position of reading clerk. When this was done we do not yet know Senator Emery knew Col Ege was a candidate.

After relating with what skill we worked the boom up the correspondent says "First he made Ege believe that the senators were dying to have his sweet tones reverberating through the chamber and his voice shaking up the cobwebs of DeLaney's green trimmed canopy on the ceiling." Not a word ever passed between Col Ege and the writer of this on the subject. He then says "He (Rogers) suggested in a friendly way of course that the office of sergeant at arms was fairly yawning to embrace the manly form of the late Banker." Further on the correspondent gets off the following rigmarole:

I met Col Ege on the street later and he told me how the matter had been amicably settled between them. "What assurance have you," I asked "that this agreement will be consummated?" "That's all right" he replied with charming guilelessness, "Senator McFarland has the only candidate against me and he will withdraw him to please Rogers." "Indeed," I said, "how magnanimous is McFarland and how influential Rogers." After the thing was all over and Ege knocked out in the cold, I saw McFarland. "Why didn't you make Col Ege sergeant at arms?" I asked. "We couldn't give two places to one little county" he replied. "We gave Senator Emery the privilege of naming one man and he named Rogers and that was the end of it."

Our reply to all this stuff is, that we never spoke to Senator McFarland or Col Ege in reference to a position in the senate, that we did not know that the latter had any desire to be sergeant-at-arms, that we did not write a half dozen letters asking for the position, that we visited the Lochiel Hotel once and only for a moment prior to the organization and that not a word passed between the writer of this, either orally or written and any one of the men who are supposed to have something to do with effecting an organization of a republican legislature in Pennsylvania.

Mr Herbert's insulting allusion to Col Ege which follows the quotation above we will not reprint. It was not called for and should not have found place in the columns of the *Reporter*.

Wm. M Burns is a pretty level headed democrat but we had no idea that he understood Mr Sam Randall as well as he does. He writes to the Louisville *Courier-Journal* that Mr Randall is not popular with Pennsylvania democrats, but is boomed by republican papers and politicians and taken care of by republican legislatures in each congressional apportionment, and closes by alliteratively styling him the Jim Blaine of the democratic party and the exponent of Randall, radicalism and robbery.

Mr. CLEVELAND is credited with having made up a black list containing the names of all democratic editors and others who have in any way helped to circulate the Maria Halpin scandal and they need expect no favor or consideration at the hands of the incoming administration. The president elect's hide is evidently not so tough as it was cracked up to be.

The Philadelphia *Times* calls Charley Wolfe a black snake. A couple of years ago in the estimation of that paper he was the personification of purity and the most brilliant statesman in the country.

A DISPATCH from Harrisburg last evening says that at the republican caucus held yesterday, Mr. Cameron received 115 votes for United States senator to a total of 59 opposition votes.

DEATH OF SCHUYLER COLFAX.

A dispatch from Mankato, Minn., of Jan'y 13th, says: "Ex Vice President Schuyler Colfax dropped dead at 10.30 this afternoon at the Omaha depot this city. He arrived on the Milwaukee and St Paul road from the east at 10 o'clock, and walked to the Omaha depot, a distance of two-thirds of a mile with the thermometer 30 degrees below zero. After arriving at the depot he lived only five minutes. It is supposed that the extreme cold and subsequent heat and over exertion caused a stoppage of the flow of blood to the heart. The remains were taken in charge by the Odd Fellows, and now lie in state at Dr Harrington's residence. Every attention is being paid to the remains. Word has been sent to the family of the deceased and the president has also been notified and orders are now awaited."

A telegram was received from Mr Studebaker ordering that the remains be sent immediately to South Bend and the body left accompanied by J. P. Hunt and L. Patterson two eminent Odd Fellows, at 11 o'clock to-night.

Schuyler Colfax was born in New York city on the 23d of March, 1823. His father died before Schuyler was born and when he was ten years old his mother married again and for the next three years he was employed in his stepfather's store. In 1836 he removed to New Carlisle Ind. where for five years he clerked in a country store. In 1841 he began the study of law and in 1845 he established a weekly newspaper at South Bend South, of which he was both proprietor and editor. In 1848 he was sent as a delegate to the whig national convention at Philadelphia, of which body he was elected secretary. In 1850 he was a member of the Indiana state constitutional convention. He was defeated for congress in 1851 by only 216 votes in a strong democratic district but in 1854 he was elected by the newly formed republican party and subsequently re-elected for the six following terms. His speech in congress in 1856 on the extension of the slave power was circulated to the extent of more than half a million copies. On December 7th 1863, he was elected speaker of the thirty fifth congress and was re-elected in 1865 and again in 1867. In May 1865 he made his famous journey across the continent to the Pacific coast. He was nominated for vice-president on the ticket with Grant in May 1868 receiving 522 votes of the 650 that were polled in the convention and was elected in November. On March 4th 1869 he was inaugurated and took his seat as president of the senate. He was defeated for a renomination in 1870 by Henry Wilson. In 1873 he became implicated in the charges of corruption brought against members of congress who had received shares of the Credit Mobilier, but in 1873 the judiciary committee of the house after investigation dismissed the charge. After his term as vice-president he retired from active public life and during the last few years of his life has spent the most of his time in traveling and lecturing. His wife and several children survive him.

The news of the death of the distinguished statesman caused a profound sensation in Washington. In the House of representatives Mr Browne of Indiana, announced the death of Mr Colfax referring to him as at one time speaker of the house and late vice president of the United States. Resolutions were unanimously adopted expressive of the sorrow of the house for his loss, its regard for his memory and its sympathy for his bereaved family. As a further mark of respect to the deceased the house adjourned.

Honoring Jeff Davis.

The senate chamber rang yesterday with confederate eulogies of Jeff Davis. The legislation of the union halted that panegyrics might be pronounced upon the arch conspirator in the war to destroy it: not the offerings that are poured into the grave which closes all differences, but the tributes of cherished devotion to a still living leader. It was a scene not grateful to the loyal men of America.

Senator Vest proclaimed that the people of the south still honored Davis. For what if not as the chief of rebellion? Senator George defended the honor and patriotism of Davis. Senator Morgan declared that he was still beloved by millions and Senator Lamar loftily asserted that no man should call him a traitor without denial and rebuke. There were parts of Mr Lamar's speech which indicated the more liberal spirit with which he has been credited, but in their ardent defence of Davis they all stood together.

These southern senators, who hastened to the companionship of the arch rebel, were all engaged in the confederate cause. We do not expect them to denounce and disavow the cause with which they were identified. We do not expect them to pronounce a condemnation upon their chief which would condemn themselves. But it is one thing to refrain from criticism and to preserve a discreet silence, and quite another to place wreaths upon the brow of Davis at this late day as an honored patriot and declare that he is beloved by millions. These men themselves have had a history since the war. They stand to-day as something beside confederate senators or soldiers. But Davis stands only as a monument of rebellion, and to decorate him with honor and love is simply to testify devotion to his cause.

It is not pleasant to have such sentiments flaunted in the face of the north. And it is still less pleasant to reflect that this element is now to rule the country.—*Press, Jan. 15.*

MRS. MYRA CLARK GAINES, the most remarkable woman of the century, has stepped down and out. She died at New Orleans Friday last. For persistence of character and industrious litigation she is on record as a marvel in the courts of the United States. Throughout three generations, without intrinsic capital, without friends, single handed and alone, she took cases from the state courts of Louisiana and Mississippi to the federal courts. Winning on one point and reversed on another, she besieged senators and congressmen, members filled by their legal talent, and always moneyless, secured them. The ground upon which the municipality of New Orleans is built, was claimed by her. Thrice she won it, and for the last fifty years she was the most remarkable litigant in the court history of America and England, not excluding the Tichborne cases. From Jackson's day down to the present she employed all the best lawyers in congress, and was better known in Washington than the famous Beau Hickman.—*Gazette and Bulletin.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The first week in congress of the new year was barren of good results. It is true some little progress was made with necessary appropriations, but they cannot be dodged. On all other questions of importance before it the house manifests a marvelous indifference especially when it is remembered that only seven weeks more remain of this congress. It refused to consider the bankruptcy bill which the country demanded and then passed a measure known as the Reagan inter-state commerce bill which has been talked about for ten years in that body, and which stands no chance of passing the senate. The Blair educational bill endorsed by the friends of education all over the country still lies on the table. This too when the south is the section most benefited by its provisions, when southern papers have cried out against the delinquency of congress in taking it up, and when the democratic party has almost two thirds of the membership of the lower house. Many other important measures are in the same condition and nothing but a gag on congressional oratory and a disposition to meet the requirements of the country will wipe out the "do nothing" record of the forty eighth congress.

While the consular and diplomatic bill was being discussed Congressman Robinson, of New York, who is given to orations against "foreign princes, potentates, and powers," and who wants a return to Jeffersonian simplicity in presidential inaugurations said the pending measure was one to enable Americans to make fools of themselves abroad, and to forget that they were Americans. He was opposed to appropriating money to pauper snobs. American ministers abroad did nothing but degrade their government. He did not want a democratic snob to succeed the republican snob Lowell. Let Dr Burchard succeed Lowell at the court of St James. He was a fair representative of democratic Americanism. His wonderful speech had not turned a single vote from Blaine to Cleveland.

In the Alabama contested election case of Craig vs Shelly the republican member was permitted to take his seat. After having been repudiated by both a republican and a democratic house Mr Shelly has reason to feel thoroughly unseated. He was turned out of the forty seventh congress because of fraud in the election and now the forty eighth finds his title to a seat so questionable that it sends him home without even a call for a division of the house by his party friends. It is not to the credit of the democratic party that for two years, it has permitted a man who was repudiated at the polls to draw the salary of a congressman.

The Columbus speech of Senator elect Payne was the subject of much comment at the capitol. In view of the circulation of the rumor that his son in law Mr Whitney of New York will occupy the second place in the Cleveland cabinet the pronunciamento style of the speech was severely criticised and was thought not calculated to improve the chances of Mr Whitney. The attempt of the Ohio senator elect to interpret Mr Cleveland's letter on civil service reform declaring just what the democratic party meant to do in this direction was declared decidedly presumptuous. This part of the speech was rapturously received of course by democrats who believe in reforming the civil service by turning the republicans out and putting democrats in.

The flying visit to Washington of Mr Cleveland's private secretary gave the democratic politicians here a glimpse of the man who will probably have more influence with the next president than any other. Mr Cleveland's acquaintance with the personel of the party of which he becomes the official head is very slight. He relies upon the judgment of Col Lamont concerning men and their political consequence. So, when brought into personal contact with members of congress and democratic politicians, Mr Cleveland is to be prompted by his right hand man in regard to their importance and thus be enabled to conceal his ignorance. During his stay here Col. Lamont called on President Arthur and looked over the white house. He was much at the mercy however of the committee having charge of the inauguration ceremonies, and had little time to hunt a Washington residence for himself, which, he claimed, was his real business. Many of the place hunting class who have figured in the odious past of the district, and who will revive the past by hovering around the incoming administration like starved vultures, were on the wing for Lamont. The latter, however was too meteoric for them. He spent only a day and a half in Washington. S.

Washington, Jan. 12 1885.

A MAN from Kansas City by the name of Capt Phelan, attempted to clean out the headquarters of the dynamiters, the office of O Donovan Rossa, in New York, last week, but he got the worst of the bargain. We are not one of Rossa's admirers and are very much inclined to the opinion that the reputation of this country would be greatly improved if he was driven out of the country. But from the evidence of Phelan himself it would seem he traveled half way across the continent for the purpose of getting into a row, and he was overwhelmingly successful to the extent of probably losing his life.

IF the Hon. David Sterrett should succeed, through the supreme court, in showing that the recorder's courts in the several cities of the state were unconstitutional, he would be very apt to be assigned a high position as a constitutional lawyer in the profession. There is quite a diversity of opinion among the legal fraternity on this question.

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for
Infants and Children

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep,
Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
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What quickly cures Constipation
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Castor Oil and Paregoric, and
Hail Castoria.

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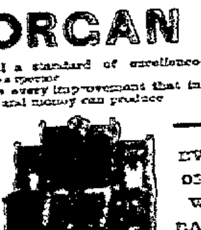
It contains every improvement that inventive genius, skill and money can produce.

OUR AIM IS TO EXCEL.



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I have purchased of Messrs. G. R. Moore & Son their livery business and have the Knapp barn on Water street and the Bennett horse barn on Main street, with stalls for fifty horses.

I have replenished the livery Department and now have one of the

Largest and Best Equipped
STABLES
in McKean County
With 16 Horses,
New Carriages,
New Harnesses,
And New Robes,

I can furnish my patrons with the best and most complete rigs obtainable in this part of the country. With ample stables for

Boarding & Transcient Horses.

Also the best room in town for storage of carriages, wagons, etc. My patrons can always find a supply of Hay and Grain of the choicest quality and trusty men to attend to their wants. [illegible] I can assure the public that any business I am favored with will receive prompt and satisfactory attention. All wanting [illegible] Single or Double Rigs or Team Horses [illegible] are invited to call.

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In fact everything usually kept in a First Class Hardware Store. The Closest buyers and Best judges of what they buy concede the fact that more goods of same quality can be bought for less money at the above store than any other place in the County.

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SILVER-WARE
The Best Made.
POCKET CUTLERY
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Meat and Vegetable
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—IN—
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A FIRST CLASS LINE OF
FAMILY GROCERIES
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Butter, Eggs and Cheese constantly on hand and goods sold cheap for cash

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Specht & Sasse,
PRACTICAL UNDERTAKERS,

Having purchased an elegant new Hearse, are prepared to attend all calls incident to their profession.

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QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. Trade Mark. On Every Bottle.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

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It does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

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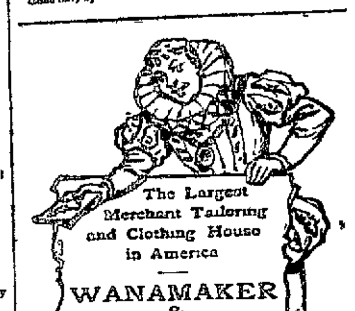

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Ninety [illegible] tons of paper were used in printing the week's issues. This was of course during the week [illegible] which [illegible] the election [illegible] in New York. Setting back [illegible]

The TRIBUNE's [illegible] the following week. Average daily circulation of the DAILY TRIBUNE [illegible] the Weekly TRIBUNE [illegible] Semi-Weekly [illegible]

During 1885 THE TRIBUNE will strive more zealously and honorably than ever for its political faith. The return to power of the party that [illegible] Rebellion [illegible] makes the coming year one of the most interesting in our history. The more the people know of how Democrats deal with their Government, the surer is Republican success the next time, and THE TRIBUNE appeals to its friends to help spread such knowledge broadcast.

THE TRIBUNE gives the news fully and fairly. It is a stalwart [illegible] paper for the family circle and is the persistent advocate of work for American workmen, the best farmer's paper in America and the general protection of American interests. It favors every practical effort to check intemperance and is always on the side of morality, reform and progress. Its Weekly and Semi-Weekly editions contain notably complete and valuable Agricultural, Household, Literary and Juvenile departments, with serial stories, abundant correspondence, interesting miscellany and some fun. Every member of the family old or young finds in it instruction and entertainment.

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The Library of Useful Knowledge, [illegible] vols., nearly [illegible] pages each, embracing Chambers' Encyclopedia, complete, with American additions.

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Specimen copies [illegible] and circulars with details of valuable premiums will be sent free upon application or can be had from your postmaster.

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DAILY with Sunday [illegible] without Sunday [illegible] per year

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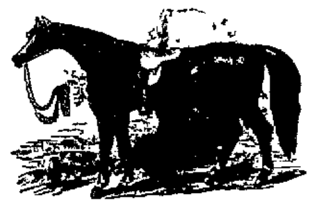

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Is positively guaranteed to cure the worst case of Scratches, Corks, sore Necks, Mud Fever or Wounds of any kind on Horse or Man. **Centaurine** has had a local reputation for twenty years dating back to the fall of '59, when product of petroleum was discovered. This is no advertising dodge. The above $50.00 goes. Ask your druggist what our instructions are in regard to it. Recommendations are loud in its praise. It costs you nothing if it fails to perform what it is advertised to do. Price 50 cents per bottle.

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is a purely vegetable preparation, free from any mineral, and has a local reputation with Centaurine. They are put up in tin cans retaining their medical properties while being used. The only true Tonic and Blood Cleansing Compound in the market. Price 35 cents per box.

Don't forget our

White Pine Petroleum Hoof Ointment

The great assister of nature in softening the hardened and feverish hoofs. Try a package of these valuable preparations and if they don't prove as represented get your present. Price 25cents per box. Manufactured by

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For sale at W. T. Callar's, Smethport, Pa.

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The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that his arrangements are finally completed, and that on Monday, February 2, he will establish a

NEW MILK ROUTE!
Pure, Fresh and Rich Milk.
At 6 Cents a Quart

until Spring, when the price will be reduced. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

Wm. Ramer.
Smethport, Pa., Jan' 2, 1885-tf.

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FINE TURNOUTS

as at any establishment of the kind in McKean County.

LADIES' SADDLE AND DRIVING HORSES

a speciality. Safe teams for funerals can always be had at reasonable prices.

HORSES BOUGHT & SOLD

Good Stable for Transient and Boarding Horses.

OPEN ALL HOURS.

Call before hiring elsewhere

F. B. DEAN.
Smethport Nov 20 1884 15tf

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At his store in
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is prepared to supply his customers with
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS AND SHOES,

Crockery, and all other goods required for family use or to keep soul and body together at figures that will astonish

The Natives!

He keeps on hand always the choicest brands of Flour, Feed, &c., and his Buckwheat can't be beat in the Universe. Smethport people will save money by taking a short ride [illegible] their goods [illegible] money than they can buy at home.

Farmers Valley Nov 20 1884 15-1y

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For Your
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
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He keeps on hand the best goods the markets afford. Also Proprietor of

SMETHPORT GRIST MILL
Feed and Meal

of the very best quality at the very lowest prices. Custom work done on short notice

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Great Reduction
IN PRICES.

John C. Hamlin will sell for the next thirty days

Hardware, Paints,
Oils, Stoves, Etc.
At Prices Astonishingly Low for Cash.

For example

Nails	$2 30 per keg
Building Paper	3 cts per lb
Cornell White Lead	6
Armstrong & McKelvy White Lead	6
Pure Linseed Oil	60 cts per gal

Smethport Pa. Oct. 8 1884

FROM THE PRESIDENT
OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

[illegible] Hair Vigor [illegible] my [illegible] for [illegible] hair [illegible] of color [illegible] It has given entire satisfaction in every [illegible]

W. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

WAGON,
Carriage and Blacksmith Shop,
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Wm. Masser, - Prop'r.
HORSESHOEING!
A SPECIALTY.
The Greatest Care Taken in Shoeing Horses with
Bad Feet!
All kinds of Repairing done to order on short notice.

MASONIC HALL FURNITURE STORE!
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We are now settled in our new store and are prepared to furnish the people of this vicinity and county with

FURNITURE
of all kinds and of
PRICE AND QUALITY
to suit the purchaser.
Undertaking in all its branches.
Full and Complete Line of
WALL PAPER!
Constantly on Hand.
Friends and patrons are invited
CALL AND SEE US
in our location, and
Look at our Stock
SPECHT & SASSE,
Main St., Smethport, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CATARRH
IN THE HEAD,

Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Stomach (Dyspepsia), the early stages of Consumption, Asthma, Hay Fever and all diseases of the NOSE, THROAT and LUNGS CURED by a new and SUCCESSFUL SYSTEM.

Not a douche, snuff, nor patent medicine.

Each case is treated according to the symptoms [illegible]

Dr. S. W. BEALL, Catarrh Specialist, Columbus, O.

BOOTS AND SHOES
FOR HOLIDAY TRADE!
A LARGE STOCK OF LADIES' AND GENTS'
FINE SLIPPERS!
New & Desirable Styles & Patterns
Also for
BOYS, MISSES
AND CHILDREN.
AND A FULL LINE OF
HIGH TOP SHOES,
For Young People and Ladies' Wear.
AT REDUCED PRICES.
No Shoddy in any of my Goods.
Buy Useful Presents in Boots and Shoes of
G. A. GROVES,
NO. 28 MAIN ST., BRADFORD, PA.

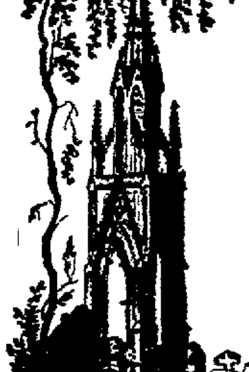
New Goods Just Received
At D. C. YOUNG'S.

IMMENSE STOCK OF
Spring and Summer Clothing
For Men, Boys and Children.
LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS
Complete Line of
DRY GOODS
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, ET
And Full Stock of
CHOICE GROCERIES!

All of which were bought CHEAP FOR CASH, and will be Sold accordingly.

CALL AND EXAMINE MY STOCK—NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS

D. C. YOUNG.
Smethport Pa. Sept. 25, 1883.



JOHN DIGEL'S
MARBLE WORKS,
Monumental
and
Mantel Designs
Executed in the Best Style from either
MARBLE ✧ OR ✧ SLATE
Water Street, Smethport, Pa.

IMPORTANT REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF
VASELINE
(PETROLEUM JELLY.)

One Ounce bottles reduced from 15 cts. to 10 cents.
Two Ounce bottles reduced from 25 cts. to 15 cents.
Five Ounce bottles reduced from 50 cts. to 25 cents.
The public must not accept any but original goods bottled by us, as the imitations are worthless.
Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., New York.

H. W. RUBIN,
DEALER IN
GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.

Having employed a first-class Watchmaker and Engraver, I am now prepared to do all of work as belongs to the trade. All work warranted. I have also on hand a fine assortment.

Clothing, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.
Main Street, SMETHPORT, PA

J. C. HAMLIN.
—DEALER IN—
HARDWARE, STOVES, Etc.
CUTLERY,
AGRICULTURAL TOOLS, PAINTS,
OILS, GLASS, PUTTY,
SHELF FURNITURE and TIN-WARE.

JOB WORK of all kinds done on short notice and at reasonable rates.

Customers say that J. C. Hamlin sells goods as low, if not LOWER than they can get them in any other store in the county.

SMETHPORT, cor. Church and Main.

New Spring Goods
MISS CARSON
Has just received a complete stock of the latest styles of
Millinery Goods!
And is prepared to supply patrons with HATS and BONNETS trimmed in the
LATEST AND FRESHEST STYLES.

Give her a call before purchasing. Don't forget the place: DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE (next door to Young's store.)

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Pa., Jan 16, 1885.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The label on your paper shows the time to which it is paid [illegible]

OUR BRADFORD AGENT

T L [illegible] Esq is our authorized agent in the city of Bradford Any subscriptions left with him or any orders for advertising in the Miner will receive prompt attention

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

—"Dark Days."

—When the robins nest again

—The ice men breath easy again.

—The valve is now pronounced O K

—One month from Wednesday is St. Valentine's day

—Argument court this week makes the hotels boom

—The people of Bradford kick on the high rate of insurance

—The week of prayer was observed by the churches in this place

—The Miner office is now prepared to do all kinds of job work on short notice

—There will be a lodge of Odd Fellows instituted at Bow City to-morrow night

—The hose company are seriously contemplating a ball to be held in the near future

—Several couples from Aiken attended the Arbutus club dance Wednesday night

—Mr. Kittredge has made a much needed improvement in the entrance to the opera house.

—The absence of the editor this week may account perhaps for some irregularities of this issue

—The Governor has appointed March 16th as Pennsylvania day at the New Orleans Exposition

—Cleveland's short message to the New York Legislature was "I hereby resign the office of governor"

—Wanamaker & Brown's agent was in town yesterday measuring the hose boys for their new uniforms.

—The new county officials have settled into the harness and are looking after the business like "good uns"

—Dennis Quinlan, the janitor at the court house has been retained by the new board of commissioners

—The Friendship Reporter has a new dress and it is a neat one too. It deserves the new garment and we wish it success.

—A large sale of land in Potter county by B. D. and Henry Hamlin to Buffalo parties was transacted this week

—A large portion of the Hocking Valley miners are returning to work having acceded to the reduction of wages

—There has been great depression visible on the countenance of the man with the logs on their hands, on account of the lack of snow

—David B. Hill now governor of New York, is forty years old, is a small slender man, partly bald, bright eyed quick, energetic and well liked

—"Do cats reason?" asks a correspondent. Certainly. There are two in our neighborhood that are reasoning with each other all through the stilly night.—Ex

—Lawrence Barrett is reported to be about to build a theatre in New York. Ground will be broken next spring, and Barrett the spring following.—Boston Folio.

—A newspaper war is in progress in Olean. One would judge from reading the *Herald* and the *Democrat* they were both running for president on opposite tickets.

—Alfred Sturdevant has started a laundry, and announces that he will do first class work at reasonable figures. Orders left at his barber shop will receive prompt attention

—The third of the series of club dances took place at the Opera House last Wednesday evening, which was the most enjoyable one of the series. About thirty five couples participated

—What the Miner is in need of is a poem on spring, and please put in something about the joyous songs of the birds, and the trees will again assume their beautiful foliage, and how happy and glad it will make your hearts, etc

—The warm air of spring is occasionally wafted across the brow of the pedestrian but before he comes to realize the loveliness of an open winter along comes a cold blast from the northwest and knocks the whole business into a cocked hat

—The Pennsylvania railroad will hereafter issue a new thousand mile ticket. One peculiar feature of this new ticket is that it will be good on all the lines and branches operated by the company, while the old ticket was only good on the main line from Pittsburg to Philadelphia.

—Maskin the Elmira murderer has made his elegant sneak. He broke jail last Wednesday and officers are now scouring the country in search of the cunning villain. After causing the expense of a $10,000 trial, being twice convicted of the most heinous crime imaginable and sentenced to be hung on the 21st inst., they let him get away

—The papers about the country have now we hope got through with those old regulation never-to-be-forgotten items about swearing off 85 business, the diary, etc., and will now resume their customary news in regard to the weather, the rise and fall of the sun, and the many other little indispensable items that go to make up a first class paper

—The Towanda *Reporter*, the old reliable organ of the Bradford county republicans, and one of the best papers in the state, has recently absorbed, or more properly speaking, taken into partnership the *Journal* of that town. The consolidated paper comes to us in eight page form and very much improved in every way. It is a credit to that great republican county and there should be no question about its receiving a princely support.

—A. B. Armstrong, the philosopher and druggist, expresses surprise that no "rascals" were turned out in the new deal in the court house. He says "I guess there weren't any rascals there." "Al" is a reformed Jacksonian democrat. In his younger and more reckless days he was a believer in "spoils," but now he is a most rabid civil service reformer, and wants to see Gen. H. Pendleton go into Cleveland's cabinet.—Smethport correspondent *Sunday Mail*.

PERSONAL MENTION.

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would notify us by postal or by leaving a notice at this office.

H. F. Barbour of Bradford called on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Newman, of Buffalo, are visiting friends in this place

Miss Edith Sorter of Belmont, N. Y., is visiting at her uncle's Frank Moses.

Rev. S. W. Lindsley, of Cooper's Plains, N. Y., is visiting at Rev. F. H. Gates'

W. H. Porter of Olean proprietor of the roller rink was in town Wednesday.

Mrs. Miles J. Peck of New York city is visiting her father Mr. C. F. Kittridge

Miss Hannah Walsh of Corry, Pa., is visiting a few days with her brother W. P. Walsh

E. S. Hoag was down from Clermont Thursday and made the Miner office a pleasant call

J. C. Gallup has been confined to his room for several days with inflammatory rheumatism

Henry Sartwell the popular landlord of the Grand Central made Bradford a flying visit yesterday

Sheridan Gorton is in Pittsburg this week attending the meeting of the grand lodge of the A. O. U. W.

Joseph Hoozier of Cameron county has been in town most of the week engaged in ferreting out timber thieves

Peter Martin one of Sergeant township's old staunch successful farmers made the Miner office a pleasant call yesterday

Among the prominent men who called on us this week was Uncle John Wall, name who requested that we should notice him

Miss Anna Wells, of Fort Erie, Canada, who has been visiting with her brother in this place is dangerously ill at the Wright house

Mr and Mrs. John Forrest left last Monday for a trip through the south. They will visit the New Orleans exposition before returning home

Kind Words

The following pleasant words relating to the editor of this paper we clip from the Harrisburg [illegible] to the [illegible] which on a visit to Harrisburg last week We highly value the opinion of [illegible] and [illegible] particularly when being [illegible] by strangers

Editor [illegible] took the train for Harrisburg Saturday to see his family but when it was announced a few days later that he had been elected reading clerk of the senate it was surmised that he did not spend a lot of time with his family. Everybody here is glad that [illegible] years ago when he used to run the Miner and spent his winters in Harrisburg as an indispensable adjunct of the legislature, all his accumulations were brought home and expended in Smethport and it is safe to say that few men of his means have expended as much in proportion to his means in improving his own town. After various wanderings he has now returned to his first love and it seems according to the eternal fitness of things that he should again take his place as a legislative clerk

Railroad Election

From the *Era* we learn that the fifth annual meeting of the Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua railroad company was held at the general offices in Bradford on the 13th inst. The following named directors were elected

John J Carter Henry F. Sweetser, of Titusville W. H. Newman Thomas Loomis Robert P. Wilson and John E. Ransom of Buffalo George L. Roberts, A. I. Wilcox W. W. Brown George A. Eckbert and R. C. Taylor of Bradford

The officers chosen are

President—John J. Carter

Vice President—Thomas Loomis.

Secretary—John E. Ransom

Treasurer—George A. Eckbert

General Manager—R. C. Williams

There was also a meeting of stockholders of the Bradford Bordell & Smethport, New City & Eldred and Bradford, Richburg & Cuba railroads. These roads are under the same general management and the officers are substantially the same. The meeting was harmonious.

A Much-Titled Citizen

While Chief Jones of Westport Conn may be a much-titled man the most titled man lived in Bradford. Our beloved townsman writes a correspondent from Bradford to the Lowman Herald, the Hon. C. L. Wheeler is president of the Pennsylvania state firemen's association, the Bradford fire department, the Bradford fire police, the Bradford exempt firemen's association, the Bradford oil exchange and the Wheeler hall association, district deputy grand master of free masons, representative to the grand lodge of free masons, treasurer of chapter—royal arch masons, eminent commander knights templar, president of conference of oil exchanges, superintendent for the Union oil company and president of the board of education."—Bradford *Sunday News*

Keating's Next Supervisor.

For some years past the office of supervisorship in the township of Keating has been sought for by different parties who thought they saw "millions in it," but the day has gone when any money is to be made out of the office, and a number of the voters of the township are in favor of giving the office to a man who will look to the interests of the public and have signified their intention of supporting and electing Henry Swartout for the position. There may be a "typhoid turn" in Keating politics before the next election, but we think "Hank" will "get there"

Should be Repealed.

There is a law in force on the statute books of this state, which, so far as it affects this county ought to be repealed. We refer to the law allowing damage for sheep which may be killed by dogs. The law as it now stands is abused in almost every instance. Sheep that when alive would bring from three to four dollars, when killed by dogs suddenly increase in value, so that according to the sworn statement of an intelligent board of appraisers, they are worth from eight to ten dollars. It is claimed that raising sheep and having them killed by dogs is quite an industry in certain locations of our county

Mr Weaver Meets With an Accident.

The many friends of Mr. W. E. Weaver will be pained to learn that he met with a rather unfortunate accident at Thornton's roller skating rink last evening. In company with the rest of the merry party assembled Mr. Weaver was gliding over the smooth floor on roller skates when he lost his balance and fell with his full weight, striking on his right arm with such force as to fracture the member. The wounded gentleman was assisted to his home on Congress street, where he was cared for by Doctor Hubbard and members of his family.—*Sunday News*.

BUSY BRADFORD.

Thornton's rink is doing a wonderful business and is making a fortune for its owner.

At the raffle for a hammerless gun valued at $125, and a revolver worth $15 at D. T. Seeley's Saturday night, L. Fouts won the first prize and L. W. Shirley the second.

Bradford cigar makers are remembering their striking Cincinnati brethren in a substantial way. January 31st, they will raffle off 1200 cigars at No. 10 Congress street, for their benefit.

The oil market has taken another set back and is now at about 70 cents per barrel. Bradford operators are receiving a premium of 20 cents per barrel over what the market is here

A rocking main between Bradford and Eldred birds will take place at a place not far from Eldred to night. It is supposed to be quiet but as every one knows all about it it is not improbable that some officer of the S. P. C. A. will be on hand to take in the proceedings.

The "Pompelon club" is the name of a new organization formed among some of our literary men for mutual advancement. They meet weekly at Pompelon Hall and indulge in discussion, reading, etc., to their hearts content.

The business men are either going to have lower rates of insurance or form a mutual insurance company amongst themselves. That is certain, and the outcome of the matter will probably result in the adoption of the latter course.

The hotel and saloon keepers are getting ready for their annual ordeal on the fourth Monday of February. There will not be so many applications for license, it is thought, this time as has been heretofore. Their business has fallen off rapidly here in the past year

The armory rink has changed hands again and is now in charge of Prof. Porrington who has reduced the price of admission and skates to 10 cents which is certainly a low enough price for anyone. It has not been such a bonanza lately for its owners that it was, principally on account of bad management.

The second meeting of citizens interested in getting a reduction of insurance rates was held at the opera house Monday night. The committees made their reports but had been unable to make very much advancement. Every one was given a chance to air their views on the question which they did almost to a man, for we have lots of impromptu speakers here

Charles Parker and Frank Wentworth the two men from this place who were arrested last fall for safe robbery at Warsaw N. Y. are having their trial this week and will very likely be convicted as it is certain that they are the right parties. They stole about $46 000 worth of bonds, mortgages, etc. and several hundred dollars in money none of which has ever been recovered. They are suspected of several other similar safe cracking jobs in and about Bradford but there is no direct proof of the fact.

A fire in Roberts large stable in the rear of lower Main street last week gave the firemen an opportunity of testing the new water works in reality and it was a general remark that it worked to a charm. The building was flooded in a few minutes and the fire which had a good start was practically under control in three minutes from the first stream, although the burning hay in the upper part gave them some trouble. The loss was about $700

Judge Ward has been fixing up his office on Mechanic street lately, and now he has as cozy a little office as there is in town. JUPITER.

Bradford, Pa., Jan 15, 1885.

A Handsome Badge.

The meeting of the Pennsylvania State encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will be held in Harrisburg on February 10th and 11th next, and there are indications that the attendance will be large. The opera house has been engaged by the city posts who will also provide a band of music. In addition to this a very handsome and costly badge has been prepared which will be presented to each delegate as the gift of the Harrisburg posts. The badge is of French Bronze about the size of a half dollar. On the obverse side is a reduced fac simile of the center piece of the regular G. A. R. star badge, representing fraternity charity and loyalty surrounded by a laurel wreath. The reverse bears the inscription in raised letters "Delegate to 18th annual encampment Department of Pennsylvania, G. A. R. Compliments of Posts 58 and 116." The medal will be suspended by a ribbon from a bronze bar bearing the inscription, "Harrisburg 1884."

Chicago Cottage Organs.

We call attention of our readers to an advertisement of the Chicago cottage organ company in another column, and we take pleasure in recommending to the general public a company whose organs have attained a popular reputation for their superior musical qualities, artistic beauty and general excellence. This company ranks among the largest and best in the United States, having a capacity for manufacturing 300 organs per month and its organs are shipped into nearly every inhabitable portion of the globe. The members composing the firm of the Chicago cottage organ company are men of experience integrity, skilled in their line, conduct their business on an equitable basis, and we predict for the "Chicago cottage organ" a brilliant future.

Baptist Church.

Preaching next Sunday morning and evening by Rev S. W. Lindsley, of Cooper's Plains, N. Y. Morning subject—"The human and the divine in religion." Evening subject "A wise decision with immediate action."

Services at Farmer's Valley Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Evangelistic services will be held every evening next week, the pastor being assisted by Rev S. W. Lindsley.

County Auditors.

The county auditors W. P. Brewer, G. N. Barrett and Thos. Osborne, assisted by F. K. Washburn, as clerk, are busily engaged auditing the county accounts. The position of county auditor is certainly not that of a sinecure and it requires no small amount of hard work to unravel the different accounts and bring them out in intelligible shape. It will probably occupy about three weeks to complete the task.

Fixed, In a Jury Box.

At a recent trial in Washington Territory, six men and six women constituted the jury. In this way James Mitchell and Susie Thompson met for the first time in the jury box. Their acquaintance ripened into love, they became engaged, and after assenting to the conviction of the faro dealer who was on trial, they got married.

FINEST cigars in town at H. C. Wells drug store.

CLERMONT CLIPPINGS.

Rev. J. E. Brown is holding a series of revival meetings. We understand he is meeting with unlimited success, as a large number of our young people have expressed a desire to join the church.

Geo. B. Fassell, the professor of our school, is now conducting a night school for the benefit of the larger boys who work in the mines during the day

The Buffalo Coal Company are opening up a new drift about one-fourth of a mile from the No 2, on the Instanter opening, which produces a good showing of coal, and from the explorations made on the land, indications are that the vein is equal in extent to the old No. 1 drift. This necessitates the building of an extension of the tram road for the distance of about one-half mile. A large gang of men are now at work cutting the timber off and grading the road bed, and in a short time it will be in running order. Charles Beckwith with his assistants are getting out the timbers for the new schutes and expects to have that work completed in the early spring

Clermont is to have a show—at least bills are posted announcing the coming of the Rowan family

Charley Dickinson, of Norwich, and D. A. Easterbrook of Smethport, were in town last week looking up and "spotting" timber lands.

The Coal Company's saw mill, which is operated by Geo. R. Moore, is now running full time and is turning out a large amount of lumber. With the exception of some lumber furnished to the New York, Buffalo & West Shore railroad company, the B. N. Y. & P. railroad takes the entire product of the mill. SEVEN UP

Clermont Pa. Jan'y 14th, 1885.

Death of S. T. Allen Esq

While attending to business in court in Warren on Wednesday of last week Mr Samuel T. Allen a well known lawyer of that county, was suddenly attacked with a severe and blinding headache and was obliged to go home. The best medical skill of Warren was called to attend him, but he continued to grow worse until Saturday morning at two o'clock when he died. He was born in Busti(?), a few miles north of Warren on the 3d of April 1838. He was married in 1861 to Miss Martha Fenton, of Fentonville N. Y. daughter of Harrison Fenton Esq., and niece of ex-Governor Fenton of Jamestown. He was a brother of Gen. Harrison Allen, present U. S. marshal of Dakota, and of O. C. Allen post master of Warren. During the term of his brother Harrison as auditor general of Pennsylvania he was one of the clerks in the department. He held many positions of trust in the army during the war and has always been held in high esteem by all who knew him. His loss will be greatly felt in Warren county

Death of Dennis Gorman

Dennis Gorman for many years a respectable citizen of this place died at his residence near the B. B. & K. depot last evening of rheumatism of the heart aged 51 years. Deceased held the position of section boss for a number of years on the McKean & Buffalo railroad and on the opening of the B. B. & K. rail road accepted the same position on that road which place he held to the time of his death. He leaves a wife and five children to mourn their loss. The funeral will be held at the St. Elizabeth church on Sunday next

Obituary

Miss Elva Mason, daughter of Edgar S. and Ambrosia Mason formerly of this place, died at Plainville, Neb., on the 9th inst. of consumption, aged 27 years 9 months and 19 days. The remains were sent to this place for burial in the family lot in Rose Hill Cemetery. The funeral took place on Wednesday last. Miss Mason was a niece of our townsman L. W. Mason and leaves many friends and relatives in this vicinity to mourn her early demise

The Longest Bridge in the World

The longest bridge in the world crosses Lake Ponchartrain at New Orleans and is twenty two miles in length. It is trestle work on piles and is made of cypress wood which was first saturated with creosote oil which renders it impervious to moisture and proof against the attack of barnacles.—*Phil. Press*

Three of a Kind

New York has a policeman named S. S. Cox. He recently had a boy and in honor of his father's having saved ten persons from drowning Congressman Cox sent the son a watch inscribed "To S. S. Cox for S. S. Cox from S. S. Cox."

Attractive and Useful.

The Brown chemical company Baltimore Md. the owners of the celebrated Brown's Iron Bitters have just issued a beautiful *hand book* and *almanac* for ladies, and a complete and useful *memorandum book* for men. These publications are attractive containing a great many valuable and interesting things. They are furnished free of charge by druggists and country store keepers but should they not have them the Brown chemical company will send either book on receipt of a two cent stamp to pay postage. 3-2t.

Ladies Wanted.

A lady agent is wanted in every city and village also ladies to travel and solicit orders for MADAME WOOD'S Corsets and Corded Corset Waists. Agents are making from twenty to fifty dollars a week.

Send for circulars and price-list to B. Wood, 64 South Salina street, Syracuse, N. Y. 3-2m.

A FULL line of patent medicines at H. C. Wells' drug store Main St.

A LARGE stock of visiting cards and fancy stationary at Wells drug store.

HATS AND BONNETS, trimmed and untrimmed in every style, shape and color can be bought at less than cost at Miss Larson's millinery store. Call at once

H. C. WELLS sells the finest cigars in town, try them

F. C. OLDS, Farmers Valley, keeps constantly on hand a choice line of groceries, which he sells at low prices, considering quality

SLAUGHTER of hats and millinery goods has begun at Mrs. Nash's, who has placed on sale her entire stock of hats and other millinery goods, at prices to suit all classes of customers. This sale will continue until they are all disposed of. Call and get a bargain.

FARMERS, ATTENTION!—All kinds of condition powders for cattle, horses and sheep, at the lowest prices, at H. C. Wells' drug store.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

BARGAINS in hats, bonnets, &c., guaranteed at Mrs. Nash's.

ALL kinds of smoking and chewing tobacco at H. C. Wells'.

EDUCATIONAL.

MR. EDITOR:—The report of Dr. E. E. Higbee, superintendent of public instruction, is characterized by such a breadth of tone that, in my judgment, it deserves a careful perusal by every thoughtful person in the commonwealth. But owing to its length you may not feel that you can afford to publish it entire, and as there is a county superintendent you may feel that you do not want to spend time to arrange extracts pertaining to schools, a matter in which he is directly interested. I have therefore decided to copy what seems to me the most important parts and I hereby, most respectfully ask you, if possible, for the good of the schools, to give them space. If to lengthly for one insertion it would be entirely satisfactory if they are given in successive issues. A farther reason for asking you to give space in the MINER is, very few of the people ever see the report as issued from the department, for only about 200 copies are furnished me for distribution among 35 000 inhabitants outside of the city of Bradford

The report starts out showing that legislation is required to make our school system more effective. In the introduction Dr Higbee says "If the fish in our rivers and the game in our forests, with the forests themselves, are of sufficient importance in our social life to command the protection of legislation; if the difficult problems growing out of the strained relations of capital and labor are of interest enough to demand the skill of our most thoughtful law makers, if the methods of taxation and means of commercial intercourse and the treatment of paupers and the insane well deserve the calm consideration of our ablest statesmen, then most certainly the training of a whole generation of children, numbering in our state more than a million, affecting, as it must, our present social life, and reaching out into the future and conditioning the destiny of the republic, deserves and demands the best thought and highest wisdom of the legislature of an enlightened commonwealth like ours.

SCHOOL BUILDINGS

The superintendent of city or borough or county in inspecting the school buildings with in his jurisdiction after having made known to the directors the unfit condition of any school building for school purposes should be authorized by law in due time, to condemn the same and call upon the judge of the court of quarter sessions to appoint a visitor at the expense of the district who shall thoroughly examine the building or buildings and if he joins with the superintendent in condemning the same their report should be forwarded to the state superintendent who shall be required upon receipt of such report to withhold the state appropriation to said district for that year, and hereafter until the cause or causes of complaint are removed

INSPECTION AND SUPERVISION

No matter has given us more concern than the inspection and supervision of our schools. The field, including the whole state, is that of an empire. Many counties have become so populous as to have quite outgrown the old system of inspection. It is accomplishing all it can and we have no complaint whatever to make against the superintendents but we have abundant reasons rather to admire their faithfulness and zeal. Frequent visitations or a thorough examination of school rooms and grounds and appliances and many other matters which require constant watchfulness, are simply impossible

What is needed—how much only those familiar with school work can tell—is that our county superintendent be authorized to form, within their respective counties, district circuits, including not less than thirty teachers and not more than eighty each of which circuits shall have a district superintendent elected by the directors residing therein whose duty it shall be to report to the county superintendent each month during school term the condition and progress of the schools within his circuit, after a careful investigation thereof giving full details of all that the county superintendent may feel to be necessary to know for the further improvement and efficiency of the educational work therein. The district superintendent should be paid out of the funds of the districts constituting his circuit each district paying its *pro rata* share and his minimum salary should be equal to the highest salary received by any teacher within the circuit over which he has jurisdiction. All this more definite inspection should be under the control of the county superintendent who should have authority to commission the district superintendents within his county upon their election by the directors with power to revoke the same for the same reasons as he now has power to revoke a teacher's certificate. In case of resignation or vacancy arising from any cause whatever the directors should be authorized to proceed at once to the election of a successor for the unexpired term. The term of office and qualifications should be the same as in the case of a county superintendent

SCHOOL BOOKS

Whether the law authorizes the purchase of school books out of district funds, to be furnished free to all the pupils attending the public schools is a doubtful question, which has been decided differently by county courts and to make the matter plain to all school-boards, and not to leave it a trap to ensnare them, the attention of the legislature is respectfully directed to the passage of a bill which will rest the purchase of all necessary school-books in the discretion of the proper school directors

We have been urged to press upon your attention the necessity of requiring in all the public schools of the state, the use of some text-book upon the evil effects of alcohol on the human system, with the hope that it will aid in banishing from our midst the wide-spread miseries of drunkenness. One of the forces in aid of temperance is a clear knowledge of the evil effects of alcohol upon the body and, through it, upon the mind. Such knowledge will deepen the fear of transgression by keeping in view its dreaded consequences, and thus serve, to some extent at least, to strengthen the reproving voice of conscience which challenges the will to pause before plunging into such an abyss. We are glad therefore, to see that in many of our text-books on physiology and hygiene this subject is made specially prominent, and that in this way it has been, and is now, more and more entering into the instruction of the school. This instruction, however, may be made more definite and universal by requiring, through an act of assembly, that it shall be given in every public school of the commonwealth as part of the regular curriculum. We must not be too sanguine, however, about the results; for knowledge of sin in all its worst consequences is something quite distinct from the pressure and power of virtue in the soul.

The people of McKean have reason to congratulate themselves on the following points and to see that in many important things our schools are not behind.

While in the last decade the average salaries of teachers have decreased, in our county they have steadily increased. Only three counties in the state pay a larger average salary to male teachers and only fourteen pay larger average to females. Only nine counties maintain a longer average term.

While these are things of which to be proud, I may as well show the other side of the picture. Out of 140 school houses and grounds it was forced to report that 24 were unfit for use, 137 badly ventilated, 106 without suitable closets. No first-class buildings, 2 with suitable furniture, 68 with injurious furniture, and 95 without apparatus worth mentioning, and none well supplied with apparatus, only 75 grounds of sufficient size and only two suitably improved.

These are not matters of my own judgment but are based upon models required by the department at Harrisburg.

M. O. CAMPBELL, Sup't.

EDITOR MINER:—As I have failed to see the opinion of any teacher or director on the graded course which appeared in the issue of Dec. 19th, I deem it only proper that some one should say something in its behalf

Our County Superintendent is working hard for the interest of the schools and should receive as he requests, the co-operation of everyone. Co-operation from the press because its power is great, from the directors because they alone can give legal force, from the teachers because it is their duty to teach the best school in their power, from the people because their children should receive the best opportunities possible. In my experience I have found just the difficulties mentioned by the superintendent in his foot notes. I hope to see the views of others, and if any do not believe it advisable to adopt the graded course in McKean county, let them say so, that we may press our case still further

I am glad the MINER has entrusted its columns in the course of education, only sorry the *Democrat* cannot open its columns to matter of so great consequence. As editors are kind of leaders of public opinion your views would be gladly read. Respectfully yours

MRS. HENRY GALLUP.

Norwich, Pa., Jan. 10, 1885.

EDITOR MINER:—I have a few words to say in regard to the graded course for common schools proposed for adoption by county superintendent Campbell and recently printed in the MINER. I believe it is our duty as teachers to inquire into the best ways and means of making the common school system a success, and if there is any advantage to be derived from this proposed system it is our duty to encourage its adoption. I have read it through carefully and believe it is practical and just what has long been needed. Teachers in ungraded schools with promiscuous school books and all grades of pupils know how much extra labor they are obliged to perform and how much less they accomplish than they would if this course were adopted. I believe it is the duty of the teachers of McKean county to interest themselves in this matter to discuss it at institutes, conventions and in the columns of our newspapers and if they conclude that it will be a benefit to schools let them adopt it. TEACHER.

Smethport Jan 10 1885

MARRIED

MCCARTY—SULLIVAN—At St. Elizabeth's Church Smethport, by Rev. J. J. O'Callahan on Jan'y 13th 1885 Christopher McCarty of Smethport to Miss Mary Sullivan of Centreville Pa.

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Court Proclamation

The Hon. A. G. OLMSTED President Judge, and the Hons. H. HAMLIN and F. M. FULLER, Associate Judges of the court of oyer and terminer and general jail delivery, quarter sessions of the peace, orphans' and court of Common Pleas for the county of McKean, have issued their precept, bearing date Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1884, and to me directed, for holding a court of common pleas, at the borough of Smethport, on Monday, the 19th day of Jan., 1885, and to continue one week.

Dated at Smethport, Dec. 29th, 1884, and in the 109th year of the Independence of the United States of America.

A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

List of Traverse Jurors

Drawn in the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, to be summoned for the 3d Monday of January, 1885.

Anderson, John—Wetmore.
Alport, Norman—Foster
Beers, Charles—Hamlin.
Boyer, C. K.—Foster
Barnes, Samuel—Hamlin.
Billings, J. W.—Kendall.
Broder Michael—Eldred
Chattle, Thomas—Bradford.
Cole, S. W.—Bradford.
Clark, Jude—Lafayette.
Dennis, J. B.—Eldred
Foster, A. G.—Otterville.
Feathers, J.—Duke Centre.
Fennerty, T. J.—Bradford.
Glover, Richard—Sergeant.
Gridley, John—Gridley
Griffin, M. M.—Liberty.
Heath J. J.—Liberty
Huntington, M.—Foster
Husband W. C.—Bradford.
Handy, Seth—Bradford.
Kam, E. K.—Wetmore.
Kilburg D. W.—Sawyer City.
Lockhart, Robert—Bradford.
Lutting, Martin A.—Foster
Morse, N. N.—Rixford.
McGowan, James—Wetmore.
McQuone, Tarney—Keating.
Maxon, E. J.—Ceres.
Nihoff J.—Bradford.
Post, Joseph—Bradford.
Perry, John—Sergeant.
Prentiss, W. A.—Prentissvale.
Vickery, Frank—Eldred.
Vosburg, O.—Port Allegany.
Young, Herman—Keating.

D. F. PATTISON, } Jury Coms.
E. F. CLARK, }
A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

Attest JNO. R. SHOEMAKER, Clerk.
Smethport, Pa., Dec 29th, 1884.

Trial List

FOR THIRD MONDAY OF JANUARY 1885.

1 John Carlson vs John Digel No 020 Oct term 1884 Labor Claim.

2 H Johnson vs John Digel No 021 Oct term 1884 Labor Claim.

3 Joseph Post vs Dr Wm P Book No 127 Sept term 1874 Attachment under Act of 1869

4 Wm K King vs the B N Y & P R R Co No 557 Sept term 1878 Appeal from report of viewers.

5 T D Mooney vs H R Lamb and C H Cramer No 41 May term 1879 Appeal.

6 Skinner & Cobb vs Lamb & O'Dell No 30 Sept term 1879 Appeal.

7 Peter McMahan and Owen McMahan as McMahan Bros vs R J Straight No 60 Dec term 1879 Appeal

8 C F Bradburn vs J W Humphrey No 58 Feb'y term 1880 Appeal

9 Amanda M Gallup by her next friend Orrin Lervy vs Dorton G Gallup No 193 Feb'y term 1880 Petition in divorce

10 S C Hart vs B McKeon & Co and J L Snyder garnishee No 307 May term 1880 Attachment in execution.

11 The Producers and Manufacturers Bank of Titusville to the use of H B Porter and D Emery vs L N Benninghoff No 494 Sept term 1880 Appeal

12 Wm M Boggs vs Edward F Willetts and Amelia Willetts his wife in right of wife and Isaac W Betts No 271 Dec term 1880 Ejectment for land in Foster township lots 8 and 9 Shaw farm

13 Michael Tobin and wife vs Bradford Bordell & Smethport R R Co Appeal from report of viewers.

14 [illegible] Walker vs James Stanton No [illegible] term 1881 [illegible]

15 [illegible] vs [illegible] Hackits and Lucius [illegible] term 1881 Ejectment for land in Smethport

16 F W Cole vs Sylvia Walker J M Tait & [illegible] No [illegible] May term 1881 Ejectment for land in Bradford [illegible] Lot No 6, Warrant 3946

17 Charles Wilbur and Phoebe P Morris trustees Estate formerly of Wm Bingham the [illegible] deceased vs Enoch Briggs No [illegible] Sept term 1881 Ejectment for land in Keating township

18 James Cassada Ellie Cassada in right of the wife vs R Sartwell High Sheriff of McKean county No 11 Sept term 1881 Appeal

19 A B Walker vs D Reeves No [illegible] Sept term 1881 Appeal

20 F R Young vs B F Brinton No 575 Sept term 1881 Appeal.

21 [illegible] Sheppard vs N Y L E & W R R Co No [illegible] Sept term 1881 Case.

22 A H [illegible] executor of the estate of Wm Rice deceased vs G W Rice No 270 Dec term 1881 Sci Fa to revive judgment.

23 Knapps Creek Oil Co Limited use of Aug W Newell [illegible] H W Tew, F W Stephens [illegible] and Jackson Simmons vs the [illegible] No 557 Dec term 1881 Case

24 Mary B Murphy by her next friend David Stewart vs Alexander Murphy No 30 Feb'y term 1882 Divorce.

25 John W King vs A T Newell No 133 Feb'y term 1882 Assumpsit

J. B. BRAWLEY, Clerk

Smethport Pa. Dec. 29, 1884.

Timber Land For Sale.

The subscriber will sell at a bargain, 203 acres of heavily timbered (principally hemlock) land, situated on Marvin Creek, at mouth of Wild Cat Run about 6 miles from Smethport, the county seat of McKean county Pa.

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Jan 2-3m

Dissolution Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL concerned that the partnership lately subsisting between F. A. Smith, F. E. Woolley and C. Foley as Smith & Woolley was dissolved Dec 1st 1884 by mutual consent. F. E. Woolley retiring and the business to be continued by F. A. Smith and C. Foley as Smith & Foley, to whom all accounts are payable and by whom all debts will be paid

CARROLL FOLEY,
F. A. SMITH
F. E. WOOLLEY

Bradford, Pa., Dec. 29 1884 —4-t.

Property Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the personal property hereinafter mentioned, to-wit:

One team of bay mares,
One team of horses, one bay and one chestnut,
One gray horse,
One bay mare
One team of bay horses,
One red cow

A lot of sleds, wagons, harness, boats, chains, tools, hay and feed, and other equipments used by James Landrigan on the job of the Ridgway Lumber Company Limited, is the property of Ridgway Lumber Company Limited, and said Ridgway Lumber Company, Limited, has left in the possession of said James Landrigan for a limited time only. All persons are hereby notified not to meddle or interfere with said property, except by the consent of said Ridgway Lumber Company Limited

RIDGWAY LUMBER CO. LIMITED.
B. E. CARTWRIGHT, Supt.

Ridgway Pa., Sept. 29, 1884. 41-tf.

Incorporation Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on January 26th, 1885 by John T. Griffith, Alexander N. Jones, August Peterson, Edward J. Collins, William L. Blew and Elisha K. Kane under the Act of Assembly entitled, "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th 1874 and the supplements thereto, for the Charter of an intended corporation to be called Kane Dwelling House Company, the character and object of which are to erect dwelling houses in the village of Kane and to rent or sell the same and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

52-14 ELISHA K. KANE.

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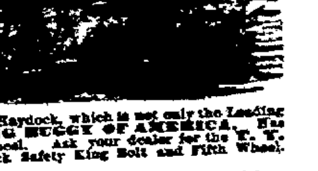

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A strictly vegetable preparation, composed of a choice and skillful combination of Nature's best remedies. The discoverer does not claim it a cure for all the ills, but boldly warrants it cures every form of disease arising from a torpid liver, impure blood, disordered kidneys, and where there is a broken down condition of the System, requiring a prompt and permanent tonic. It never fails to restore the sufferer. Such is BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Sold by all druggists, who are authorized by the manufacturers to refund the price to any purchaser who is not benefited by their use.

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WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

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Cleanses the Head, Allays Inflammation, Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste And Smell. A quick & Positive Cure.

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[illegible] Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

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"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years. W. H. Moore."

Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

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AT SUNRISE.

[Charles E. Hildreth in Lippincott's.]

It is the last dark hour, and from their cars,
That wheel them down through glimmering voids of light,
Leaning reluctantly, the hearkening stars
Hear the faint, final music of the night
Blend with the far, sweet voice of coming day.
And with the moon, low riding, wane away.

Like some soft-footed maiden, bearing high
A silver lamp above her timorous head,
The dawn mounts up the stairways of the sky.
Flushing the ashen east with lambent red,
Till from her topmost tower she looketh down,
Smiling through cloudy tresses wildly blown.

The world awakens; hark, from glen and copse
Music and many voices of delight;
The splendor on the purple mountain-tops
Descends, and all the summer plains are bright,
And all the luminous pure sky above
Is calm and tender as the smile of love.

THE EGYPTIAN CLIMATE.

The Delightful Dryness—The Nubians and Their Villages.

[The London Standard.]

The further one journeys up the Nile the more one appreciates the delightful dryness of the Egyptian climate. Traveling across arid wastes, one would soon begin to long for the mists and rains of England, but here there is always a belt of verdure to charm the eye, and, though the desert comes at places quite down to the river bank, in others merely separated from it by cliffs of bare, rugged sandstone, granite, or basaltic rocks, signs of fertility never wholly disappear, while a total absence of humidity in the air makes it invigorating even in the hottest hours of the afternoon.

We slept last night within the tropic of Cancer. A brisk north breeze kept the atmosphere deliciously cool till sunrise, and though the temperature rose at midday to nearly 90 in the shade, there has been no feeling of lassitude as there would have been in moister climates. The result of this is that troops show so far no indication of suffering from heat, whether afloat in barges or encamped ashore. Unlike the natives of most tropical countries, Nubians are not given to idleness. They go on laboring with zealous industry when vertical rays of sunshine are striking full upon them just as they do in the white light of morning and the dusk of evening. Without this incessant toil the narrow strip of fruitful country, at places not more than a few yards wide, could not support the dense riverside population. Villages are set so close together that they seem like one long, straggling street broken by patches of cultivation. Every yard of ground upon which anything will grow is made the most of, and no land is wasted by having to bear useless vegetation.

The mimosa nilotica, that fringes the banks with its green foliage and crown of golden blossoms, would be welcome enough one would think if only for the shade it casts, but it serves more purposes than this. From its branches exudes gum arabic, its pods are exported for tanning, and its wood is burnt for charcoal. From tamarisk trees the natives extract manna. Date palms of the graceful Ibrimee species are valued for the superior fruit they bear, and where neither of these things grows there are rows of dull green castor oil plants, with broad, fig-like leaves and pale purple berries, or hedges of henna wherewith Arab ladies delight to beautify their hands and nails. Walking along the banks where this shrub flourishes, its aromatic odors, like the mingled perfume of peach and meadow-sweet, are almost oppressive.

With all this luxuriance of vegetation in the narrow limits assigned to it, there is a marked absence of animal life, except insects. The myriads of flies apparently make it the business of their lives to atone for the lack of more formidable beasts, and they certainly do it very effectually, leaving one not a moment in peace from sunrise to sunset. As we neared Korosko, however, small birds began to reappear in flocks, and flitting among the acacia branches, sent the blossoms down in golden showers.

Wanted To Be a Missionary.

[New York Cor. Chicago Journal.]

At the Methodist Book Concern I fell in with the Rev. Dr. William Summers, who was getting ready to start with a party of missionaries for central Africa. He explained his scheme, which had the approval of the bishops, and consisted mainly in establishing twenty mission stations in a line across the black continent, through a wholly uncivilized region. Fifty ministers are needed for the work, and about half the number have volunteered. While I was there a stranger sent in his card. Being admitted, he proved to be the possessor of a noble forehead and ignoble clothes. That is to say, he looked like a wreck of former prosperity. There were no indications of bummerism, and yet he seemed to have encountered adversity.

"Are you a clergyman?" Dr. Summers asked.

"Well, I studied for the ministry," was the reply, "but became a lawyer."

"What has been your religious experience?"

"I haven't had much, in a direct way, but I have been accustomed to public speaking for many years, and of late my trials have, I think, fitted me to endure all the possible hardships of missionary life in Africa. I have been stumping in rural districts during the canvass, and my candidate wasn't elected."

He was entirely serious. He had failed at the bar and in politics. He saw no reason why his talents were not available in the missionary field, quite irrespective of his moral and religious condition. But he was not accepted.

Celibacy in Italy.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

Nowhere in the world is celibacy more generally the order of the day than among the Italian middle classes. It is a law for the clergy, a rule of discipline for the land and sea forces, a necessity for the mob of minor public functionaries and professional men, finally a matter of fashion for the golden youth.

Modern Proverbs.

Among a lot of modern proverbs sent to a London newspaper were these: "It's a poor musician who can't blow his own trumpet." "The want of money is the root of much evil." "If you'd know a man's character follow him home." "Only whisper scandal, and its echo is heard by all."

Actum: The rich are able, but not liberal; the poor are generous, but lack ability.

Romance of an Ear of Corn.

[Peoria Journal.]

It has always been thought that ears of corn have an even number of rows, and that one with an odd number of rows would be an impossibility. In slavery times this question was discussed, and a negro in Kentucky claimed that he had seen ears of that kind. His master told him he would give him his—the negro's—freedom for an ear with an odd number of rows. This was in the early spring, but in the fall, during corn gathering time, the negro came with a sound ear of corn with thirteen rows. He got his free papers. A long time afterward the old negro said that in roasting-ear time he took a sharp knife, cut out the one row of grains, bound the ear together, and knew just where to find it when gathering time came.

Crippled His Resources.

[Texas Siftings.]

A New York reporter accepted a position on the staff of a large and flourishing daily paper in Houston. After he had been at work for a short time, somebody asked him how he liked Texas.

"I am very much pleased with everything but the climate."

"What's the matter with the climate?"

"It is too changeable. One day it is cold, and I need my ulster. Next day it is hot, and I have to wear my duster. That sort of thing sets me back in my finances. It cripples my resources."

"How so?"

"I can't make up my mind which of them coats to take to the pawnbroker."

To Get Rid of Misery.

What is the use of suffering from dyspepsia, nervous prostration or debility, when Brown's Iron Bitters will tone you up and cast these horrors out? There is joy in every bottle of this valuable tonic. It makes bad blood good, and bids dismal people be cheerful. It brings good cheer to the dinner table, and makes the family happy. It drives away the blues, and helps you to enjoy a hearty laugh. And all respectable druggists keep it.

BUSINESS partnerships between husband and wife are pronounced legal by the New York supreme court.

Woman's Suffering and Relief.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system, are relieved at once while the special causes of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful, and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

A Postal Card Story.

I was affected with kidney and urinary Trouble—

"For twelve years!"

After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop

"Bitters;"

And I am perfectly cured. I keep it "All the time!" respectfully, B. F. Booth, Saulsbury, Tenn.—May 4, 1883.

BRADFORD, Pa., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them. MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

$3,000 Lost.

"A tour to Europe that cost me $3,000, done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia." R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

SO. BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, '79.

SIRS—I have been suffering ten years, and I tried your Hop Bitters, and it done me more good than all the doctors. MISS S. S. BOONE.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength. —The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

A FINE LIONESS in the London Zoo has eaten her tail and begun the same process upon one of her fore paws.

WHERE THE FIRE IS OUT.

Magic no More a Mystery—Seen From Across the World.

"Haroun of Aleppo," and Sir Philip [illegible], whose mastered every secret in nature which the [illegible] magic seeks to fathom. He discovered that the true art in healing is to assist nature to throw off the disease—to summon, as it were, the whole system to eject the enemy that has fastened on a part. His processes all included the reinvigoration of the principle of life. [illegible] the eastern sage merely anticipated the [illegible] of the best physicians of to-day. What [illegible] nobody knows [illegible] But we have learned something of the [illegible] reasons why the mysterious tide rises and falls [illegible] the great organs of the body are not [illegible] irreparably destroyed, medical science can always relieve, and often save. Yet no reputable physician now adheres to the barbarous and stupid process of depletion, such as bleeding, by which it was attempted to cure disease by reducing the patient's ability to resist it. Nowadays we do not tear down the fort to help the garrison—we strengthen it.

In this intelligent and beneficent work, it is conceded that PARKER'S TONIC leads all other medicines. As an invigorant it acts immediately and powerfully upon the circulation and the organs of digestion, thus giving nature the assistance she calls for. It follows that all ailments of the stomach, kidneys and liver are at once relieved or cured. No other preparation contains the same qualities or produces similar results. It is delicious to use; and the best known anti-intoxicant. Prices 50c. and $1. Hiscox & Co., New York.

MOODY, the evangelist, began a series of revival meetings at Germantown, Saturday last.

New Testimonials of Dennis' Remedies.

DEAR SIR—I hereby testify that before I commenced using your Blood Liver and Kidney Cure, about three months since, my nervous system was completely prostrated and I find that it is all that I could ask for my case. Mrs J. R. Shoemaker, Smethport, Pa., Sept. 25th 1884.

The above testimony is one of hundreds that I get in every direction where I go for the article referred to and the full list of my goods, such as: The Great Panacea, Dennis' Superior Cough Syrup, Balm of Gilead Salve, etc. Price 25 cts. Each for sale by E. B. McCoy, Smethport, Pa., and also by the Proprietor and manufacturer formerly of Prentiss Vale. G. F. Dennis, Eldred, Pa.

LAWRENCE BARRETT'S "Blot on the 'Scutcheon" was a failure in Washington.

THE Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's consumption cure."

ARE you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's vitalizer is a positive cure.

WHY will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cents, 50 cents and $1.

SHILOH'S catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker mouth.

"HACKMETACK" a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents.

SHILOH'S cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis.

FOR dyspepsia and liver complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure.

A NASAL injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cents.

Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, Pa.

A PERFECT avalanche of concerts has visited London.

$50 goes if Centaurine fails to help or cure the worst cases of cracks, scratches, sore necks or wounds of any kind on horse or man. Sold by W. T. Callar. Price 50 cts.

THE title of Ebers's new play is "an American Countess."

Why waste Time and Money

On that which does no good. Your children have worms and are cross, always hungry, sleepless, puny and weak from the presence of worms in the stomach which prevents the food being taken up to nourish the body. Parmelee's Santonine Worm Candies will dissolve and remove the worms and then all will be well. You cannot do better by your children than to attend to their health. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. B. McCoy.

QUILTED satin linings are cheaper now than the cost of the material to retail buyers.

At Home and Abroad,

At church and theatre, in the counting house and work room, in fact everywhere is heard that hacking cough which soon develops into congestion or inflammation of the lungs, bronchitis, pneumonia, and consumption. Be wise in time. Immediate relief and cure can be cheaply obtained. Hamilton's Cough Balsam will surely give you relief from these throat and lung troubles that often terminate in death. Instant relief in croup, and a subduer of whooping cough. Your consumptive friend will be greatly benefited. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. B. McCoy.

THEY say you can't freeze a cat. But then you can make it hot for him.

Mr. Gough on Silk Hats.

"It would be no violation of the commandment," said John B. Gough, "if a man were to fall down and worship the silk hat, for it is not made in the likeness of anything in heaven, or on earth, or in the waters which are under the earth." Besides it heats the head and causes the hair to fall off. Parker's Hair Balsam will stop that and restore the original color to gray or faded hair. Not oily, not a dye, beneficial, deliciously perfumed. A perfect hair dressing. 50 cents. All druggists.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

IF silence be golden, dumb people ought to grow rich.

I HAVE suffered from catarrh to such an extent that I had to bandage my head to quiet the pain. I was advised by Mr. Brown, of Ithaca, to try Ely's Cream Balm. When suffering with catarrh or cold in the head I have never found its equal.—C. A. Cooper, Danby, N. Y. Apply with finger. Price 50 c.

WAS afflicted with catarrh and cold in the head. I tried many remedies without any beneficial effects, at last I used Ely's Cream Balm, which effectually cured me.—W. H. I. Hillard, Dentist, Bordentown, N. J.

YELLOW is now the fashionable shade. Twenty-dollar gold pieces are very stylish.

AYER'S Hair Vigor improves the beauty of the hair and promotes its growth. It imparts an attractive appearance, a delightful and lasting perfume. While it stimulates the roots, cleanses the scalp, and adds elegance to luxuriance, its effects are enduring; and thus it proves itself to be the best and cheapest article for toilet use.

HEAD WORK—Shampooing.

A FOOTPAD—The cork sole.

GREAT things have ever hinged on trifles. The first family difficulty on record was caused by an apple core; and the last we heard of was the negligence of a father to keep up the supply of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup when all hands had a cold.

WHERE there's a bill there's will.

EXPENSIVE SWEETMEATS — Honeyed words.

LACK of elasticity, loss of appetite, and a staring coat are generally the outward signs of worms. If a horse is afflicted with the latter give him a tablespoonful of Day's Horse and Cattle Powder three times a day for his condition. All druggists sell it at 25 cents a package of one pound full weight.

THE widow's favorite musical instrument—Cast a-net.

A GREAT deal of the time of the young men of the present day goes to waist.

NEVER neglect a constipated condition of the bowels or serious results surely follow, such as piles, impure blood and many chronic complaints. Burdock Blood Bitters is the remedy.

A DEADBEAT—A muffled drum.

THE desire of a lawyer is for brief existence.

QUINSY troubled me for twenty years. Since I started using Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, have not had an attack. The Oil cures sore throat at once.—Mrs. Letta Conrad, Standish, Mich.

FOUR SISTERS named Carr were married at Joliet recently, and the clergyman who performed the ceremonies is now called a patent Carr coupler.

PERSONS suffering with piles will find relief by using Shedd's Little Mandrake Pills. Small and easy to take.

IN millinery attractive effects are given with the new feather cloth.

MANY People die by coughs that Shedd's Excelsior Cough Syrup would cure if taken in time.

WHITE is a favorite color for evening and ball dresses.

Eating and Starving.

It is all the same, for you are sure to suffer from piles. No worse torture can be conceived. Blind or itching piles are unequaled for annoyance, but by a few applications of Parmelee's Pile Suppositories they entirely disappear. The knife is often resorted to by physicians for the removal of protruding piles, but such barbarity is not a necessity for Parmelee's Pile Suppositories used according to directions, quickly reduce, replace and drive them away. Warranted to cure. Price 50 cents per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. B. McCoy.

ENGLISH milliners line the velvet bow substituted for bonnet strings with bright silk.

The Throat

Is often diseased on account of catarrh, producing dryness and a constant desire to cough. That tickling sensation and the hoarseness that is so common to public singers and speakers especially, is relieved at once by Hamilton's Cough Troches which are prepared from the most approved formula. Do not wait till acute bronchitis or even consumption takes hold of you. Price only 25 cents per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. B. McCoy.

Dentists Looking for a Job.

With a bottle of Joseph's Oil in the house you need not suffer with toothache. A little of the oil on cotton instantly relieves the pain.

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore throat, Hoarseness. Troches 15 c. Liquid 25c.

"Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

Palpitation, dropsical swellings, dizziness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by "Well's Health Renewer."

Ask for Well's "Rough on Corns," 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Rough on Pain" Porused Plaster; strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

Thin People. "Well's Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, headache, nervousness, debility. $1.

Whooping Cough and the many throat affections of children, promptly, pleasantly and safely relieved by "Rough on Coughs." Troches 15c. Balsam 25c.

Mothers, if you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Well's Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver. If you are losing your grip on life, try "Well's Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15 and 25c.

Pretty Women. Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Well's Health Renewer."

Catarrhal throat affections, hacking coughs, colds, sore throat, cured by "Rough on Coughs." Troches 15 c. Liquid 25c.

"Rough on Itch," cures humors, eruptions, ring-worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

Wide awake three or four hours every night coughing. Get immediate relief and sound rest by using Well's "Rough on Coughs." Troches 15c. Balsam 25c.

MINK borders and feathers of shaded brown are used on sealskin hats in London.

An Electrical Rainbow.

Regarding an "electrical rainbow," Mr. B. S. Newall, of Ferendene, thus writes to The Nature: "I was one of a deputation of River Tyne commissioners who visited the South Foreland to see the experimental lights now on trial there. We were walking across the field from the lights toward the observing hut No. 2, a distance of about a mile and a half. There was a fog, more or less, and a shower of rain as we were approaching the hut, and every time the electric light from 'A' tower revolved a rainbow, very like a faint lunar bow, made its appearance. I could not see any prismatic color, and the bow was only produced by the large electric light, with carbons of 1½ inches in diameter. There was no bow visible from the old light, which has carbons about ¾ inch square, and none from either the gas or oil lights. I was informed that this was the first time such a phenomenon had been observed.

Milk for Bright's Disease.

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

Dr. G. Johnson lately told the British Medical association of a patient of his, 53 years old, who had lived upon milk diet for five years. He took a gallon of milk a day, but not a particle of any other food. The treatment cured him of Bright's disease.

(Continued from First Page.)

And for a cruelly cautious I recalled the utter bitterness of her accent last night when she turned to me and said, "Basil, did you ever hate a man?" No, she could not love him!

These thoughts brought my craving for vengeance back to my mind. Where was Ferrand? By all my calculations, taking into account the time wasted at starting, I should by now have met him. Perhaps he had not come, after all. Perhaps the look of the weather had frightened him, and he had decided to stay at Rusling for the night. I raged at the thought! If only I knew that Philippa was safely housed, nothing, in my present frame of mind, would have suited me better than to have met him on this lonely road, in the midst of this wild storm. If Philippa were only safe!

Still no sign of her. I began to waver in my mind. What if my first supposition, that I had passed her on the road, was correct? She might be now at my cottage, wondering what had become of me. Should I go further or turn back? But what would be my feelings if I did the latter and found when I arrived home that she had not made her appearance!

I halted, irresolute, in the centre of the road. Instinctively I beat my hands together to promote circulation. I had left my home hurriedly, and had made no provision for the undergoing of such an ordeal as this terrible, unprecedented snowstorm inflicted. In spite of the speed at which I had traveled, my hands and feet were growing numbed, my face smarted with the cold. Heaven help me to decide aright, whether to go on or turn back!

The decision was not left to me. Suddenly, close at hand, I heard a wild peal, a scream of laughter which made my blood run cold. Swift from the whirling, tossing, drifting snow emerged a tall gray figure. It swept past me like the wind; but as it passed me I knew that my quest was ended—that Philippa was found!

She vanished in a second, before the terror which rooted me to the spot had passed away. Then I turned, and, fast as I could run, followed her, crying as I went, "Philippa! Philippa!"

I soon overtook her; but so dark was the night that I was almost touching her before I saw her shadowy, ghost-like form. I threw my arms round her and held her. She struggled violently in my grasp.

"Philippa, dearest! It is I, Basil," I said, bending close to her ear.

The sound of my voice seemed to calm her, or I should rather say she ceased to struggle.

"Thank heaven, I have found you!" I said. "Let us get back as soon as possible."

"Back! No! Go on, go on!" she exclaimed. "On, on, on, up the road yet awhile—on through the storm, through the snow—on till you see what I have left behind me! On till you see the wages of sin—the wages of sin!"

Her words came like bullets from a mitrailleuse. Through the night I could see her face gleaming whiter than the snow on her hood. I could see her great, fixed, dark eyes full of nameless horror.

"Dearest, be calm," I said, and strove to take her hands in mine.

As I tried to gain possession of her right hand something fell from it, and, although the road was now coated with snow, a metallic sound rang out as it touched the ground. Mechanically I stooped and picked up the fallen object.

As I did so, Philippa, with a wild cry, wrested herself from the one hand whose numbed grasp still sought to retain her, and with a frenzied reiteration of the words, "The wages of sin!" fled from me, and was lost in the night.

Even as I rushed in pursuit I shuddered as the sense of feeling told me what thing it was I had picked up from the snowy ground. It was a small pistol! Cold as the touch of the metal must have been, it seemed to burn me like a coal of fire. Impulsively, thoughtlessly, as I ran I hurled the weapon from me, far, far away. Why should it have been in Philippa's hand this night?

I ran madly on, but not for long. My foot caught in a stone, and I fell, half stunned and quite breathless, to the ground. It was some minutes before I recovered myself sufficiently to once more stand erect. Philippa must have obtained a start which, coupled with her frenzied speed, almost precluded the possibility of my overtaking her.

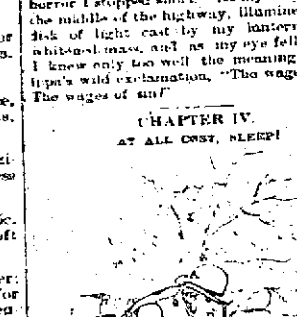
Moreover, a strange, uncontrollable impulse swayed me. The touch of that deadly weapon still burned my hand. Philippa's words still rang in my ears. "On, on, on, up the road 'yet awhile!'" she had cried. What did she mean? What had been done to-night?

I must retrace my steps. I must see! I must know! Philippa is flying through the cold, dark, deadly night; but her frame is but the frame of a woman. She must soon grow exhausted, perhaps sink senseless on the road. Nevertheless, the dreadful fears which are growing in my mind must be set at rest; then I can resume the pursuit. At all cost I must know what has happened!

Once more I turned and faced the storm. Heavens! anything might happen on such a night as this! I went on and on, flashing my lantern as I went on the centre and each side of the road. I went some distance past that spot where I judged that Philippa had swept by me. Then suddenly with a cry of horror I stopped short. At my very feet, in the middle of the highway, illumined by the disk of light cast by my lantern, lay a whitened mass, and as my eye fell upon it I knew only too well the meaning of Philippa's wild exclamation, "The wages of sin! The wages of sin!"

CHAPTER IV.

AT ALL COST, SLEEP!



Sir Mervyn Ferrand had paid for his sin with his life!

Dead! Before I kneeled beside him and, after unbuttoning his coat, laid my hand on his breast, I knew the man was dead. Before I turned the lantern on his white face I knew who the man was. Sir Mervyn Ferrand had paid for his sin with his life! It needed little professional skill to determine the cause of his death. A bullet fired, it seemed to me, at close quarters had passed absolutely through the heart. He must have fallen without a moan. Killed, I knew, by the hand of the woman he had wronged.

A sneering smile yet lingered on his set features. I could even imagine the words which had accompanied it, when swift and sudden, without one moment's grace for repentance or confession, death had been meted out to him. At one moment he stood erect and full of life, mocking, it may be, her who had trusted him and had been betrayed; at the next, before the sentence he was speaking was completed, he lay lifeless at her feet, with the snow-flakes beginning to form his winding-sheet!

Oh, it was vengeance! swift, deadly vengeance! But why, oh, why had she wreaked it? Philippa, my peerless Philippa, a murderess! Oh, it was too fearful, too horrible! I must be dreaming. All my own thoughts of revenge left me. It was for the time pity, sheer pity, I felt for the man, cut off in the prime of his life. While I knew he was alive I could look forward to and picture the minute when we should stand coolly seeking to kill one another, but now that he was dead I hated him no longer. Ah! death is a sacred thing. Dead! Sir Mervyn Ferrand dead, and slain by Philippa!

It could not be true! It should not be true! Yet I shuddered as I remembered the passion she had thrown into those words, "Basil, did you ever hate a man?" I gave a low cry of anguish as I remembered how I had hurled from me the pistol she had let fall—the very weapon which had done the dreadful deed.

Killed by Philippa! Not in a sudden burst of uncontrollable passion, but with deliberate intent. She must have gone armed to meet him. She must have shot him through the heart; must have seen him fall. Then, only then, the horrible deed which she had wrought must have been fully realized! Then she had turned and fled from the spot in a frenzy. Oh, my poor girl! my poor girl!

Utterly bewildered by my anguish I rose from my knees and stood for a while beside the corpse. It was in that moment I learned how much I really loved the woman who had done this thing. Over all my grief and horror this love rose paramount. At all cost I must save her—save her from the hands of justice; save her from the fierce elements which her tender frame was even at this moment braving. And as I recalled how she had sought me yesterday with the tale of her wrong—how she had wildly fled from me a few minutes ago, madly, blindly, into the night; as I thought of the injuries she had suffered, and which had led her to shed this man's blood; as I contrasted her in her present position with what she was when first I knew her and loved her, the pity began to fade from my heart; my thoughts toward the lifeless form at my feet grew stern and sombre, and I found myself beginning, by the old code of an eye for an eye, to justify, although I regretted Philippa's fearful act. Right or wrong, she was the woman I loved; and I swore I would save her from the consequences of her crime, even—Heaven help me!—if the accusation, when made, must fall upon my shoulders.

Yet it was not the beginning of any scheme to evade justice which induced me to raise the dead body and bear it to the side of the road, where I placed it under the low bank on which the hedge grew. It was the reverence which one pays to death made me do this. I could not leave the poor wretch lying in the very middle of the highway for the first passer-by to stumble against. To-morrow he would, of course, be found. To-morrow the hue and cry would be out! To-morrow Philippa, my Philippa, would ——. Oh, heavens! never, never, never!

So I laid what was left of Sir Mervyn Ferrand reverentially by the side of the lonely road. I even tried to close his glassy eyes, and I covered his face with his own handkerchief. Then, with heart holding fear and anguish enough for a lifetime, I turned and went in search of the poor unhappy girl.

Where should I seek her? Who knew what her remorse may have urged her to do! into the snow whither her horror may have driven her? It needs but to find Philippa lifeless on the road to complete the heaviest tale of grief which can be exacted from one man in one short night! I clinched my teeth and rushed on.

I had the road all the road to myself. No one was abroad in such weather. Indeed, few persons were seen at night in any weather in this lonely part of the country. I made straight for my own house. The dismal thought came to me that unless Philippa kept to the road she was lost to me forever. If she strayed to the right or to the left, how on such a night could I possibly find her? My one hope was that she would go straight to my cottage; so thither I made the best of my way. If she had not arrived, I must get what assistance I could and seek for her in the fields to the right and left of the road. It was a dreary comfort to remember that all the ponds and sheets of water were frozen six inches thick.

I hesitated a moment when I reached her late residence. Should I inquire if she had returned thither? No; when morning revealed the ghastly event of the night, my having done so would awake suspicion. Let me first go home.

Home at last. In a moment I shall know the worst. I opened the slide of my lantern, which was still alight, and threw the rays on the path which led to my door. My heart gave a great bound of thankfulness. There on the snow, not yet obliterated by more recent flakes, were the prints of a small foot. Philippa, as I prayed, but scarcely dared to hope she might, had come straight to my house.

My man opened the door for me. It was well I had seen those footprints, as my knowledge of Philippa's arrival enabled me to assume a natural air.

"My sister has come?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; about a quarter of an hour ago."

"We missed each other on the road. What a night!" I said, throwing off my snow-covered coat. "Where is she now?" I asked.

"In the sitting room, sir." Then, lowering his voice, William added: "She seemed just about in a tantrum when she found you weren't at home. I expect we shall find her a hard lady to please."

William, in spite of his stolidity, occasionally ventured upon some liberty when addressing me.

His words greatly surprised me. I forced myself to make some laughing rejoinder; then I turned the handle of the door and entered the room in which Philippa had taken refuge.

Oh, how my heart throbbed! What would she say to me? What could I, fresh from that dreadful scene, say to her? Would she excuse or palliate, would she simply confess or boldly justify, her crime? Would she plead her wrongs in extenuation? Would she assert that in a moment of ungovernable rage she had done the deed? No matter what she said; she was still Philippa, and even at the cost of my own life and honor I would save her.

Yet as I advanced into the room a shudder ran through me. Fresh to my mind came the remembrance of that white face that still form, lying as I had left it, with the pure white snow falling thickly around it.

Philippa was sitting in front of the fire. Her hat was removed, her dark hair disheveled and gleaming wet with the snow which had melted in it. She must have heard me enter and close the door, but she took no notice. As I approached her she turned her shoulder upon me in a pettish way, and as one who by the action means to signify displeasure. I came to her side and stood over her, waiting for her to look up and speak first. She must speak first! What can I say, after all that has happened to-night!

But she kept a stony silence—kept her eyes still turned from mine. At last I called her by her name, and, bending down, looked into her face.

Its expression was one of sullen anger, and moreover, anger which seemed to deepen as she heard my voice. She made a kind of contemptuous gesture as if waving me aside.

"Philippa," I said, as sternly as I could, "speak to me!"

I laid my hand upon her arm. She shook it off fiercely, and then started to her feet.

"You ask me to speak to you!" she said; "you who have treated me like this! Oh, it is shameful! shameful! I come through storm and snow—come to you, who were to welcome me as a brother! Where are you? Away, your wretched servant tells me. Why are you away? I trusted you! Oh, you are a pretty brother! If you had cared for me or respected me, you would have been here to greet me. No! you are all in a league—all in a league to ruin me! Now I am here, what will you do? Poison me, of course! kill me, and make away with me, even as that other doctor killed and made away with my poor child! He did! I say he did! I saw him do it! 'A child of shame,' he said; so he killed it! All, all, all—even you—you, whom I trusted—leagued against me!"

She was trembling with excitement. Her words ran one into the other. It was as much as I could do to follow them; yet the above is but a brief condensation of what she said. With unchecked volubility she continued to heap reproaches and accusations, many of which were of the most extravagant and frivolous nature, on my head. At last she was silent, and reseated herself in her former attitude; and the sullen, discontented, ill-used look again settled on her face.

And yet, although I, who loved her above all the world, was the object of her fierce reproaches, no words I had yet listened to came more sweetly to my ear than these. A great joy swept through me; a tide of relief bore me to comparative happiness. Whatever dreadful deed the poor girl had that night accomplished she was morally innocent. Philippa was not accountable for her actions!

As a doctor I read the truth at once. The rapid flow of words, the changing moods, the vehement excitement, the sullen air, the groundless suspicions—one and all carried conviction, and told me what was wrong. Mrs. Wilson's words of yesterday, which warned me that Philippa's health should be inquired into, added absolute certainty.

My professional brethren who may happen to read this will understand me when I say that, although it is long since I have practiced as a doctor, I am sorely tempted, as I reach this stage of my story, to give in detail the particulars which induced me to arrive at such a belief. No physician, no surgeon, lives who does not feel it his duty as well as his pleasure to give an accurate account of any out-of-the-common case which has come under his notice. But I am not writing these pages for the benefit of science; and having no wish to make my tale assume the authority of a hospital report, shall restrain myself, and on technical points be as brief as possible.

In short, then, Philippa had fallen a victim to that mania which not uncommonly shows itself after the birth of a child—that dread, mysterious disease which may, at the moment when everything seems going well, turn a house of joy into a house of mourning; a disease the source of which I have no hesitation in saying has not yet been properly traced and investigated. So far as I know, there is no monograph on the subject, or certainly there was none at that time.

Still, it is admitted by all the authorities that this species of insanity is not unfrequently produced by a severe mental shock, especially when that shock is accompanied by an overwhelming sense of shame. Statistics show us that unmarried women who

(To be Continued.)

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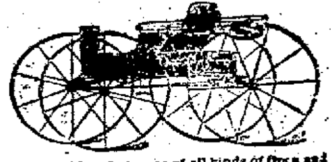

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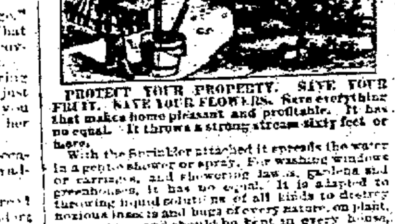

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[illegible]

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ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG R. R. New Time Table, takes effect Monday, Feb'y 17, 1884.

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[illegible]

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[illegible] JAS. T. GARDNER, Gen'l Superintendent.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday, [illegible]

[illegible]

Trains run on eastern standard time.